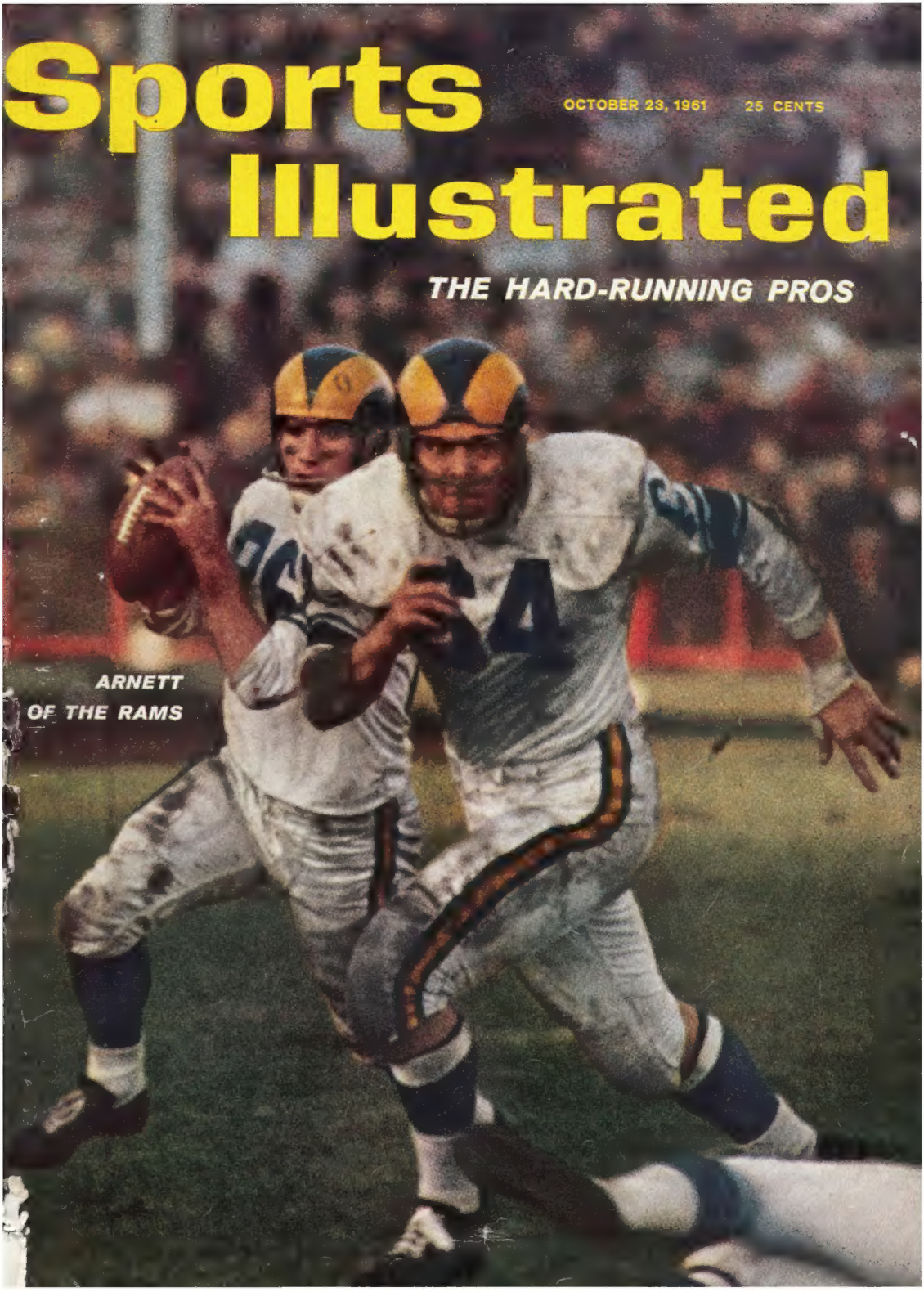
Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 23, 1961
25 CENTS
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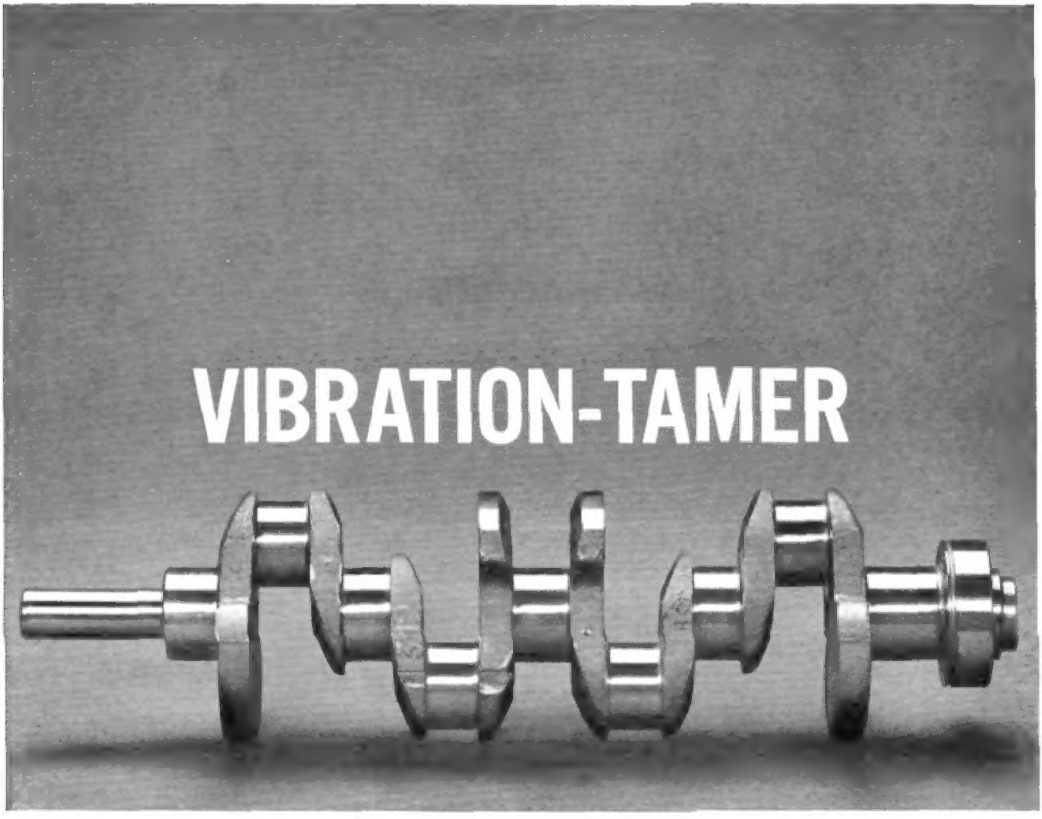

5 BEARING CRANKSHAFT: One of the Big Differences between the powerful Simca '5' and other good economy cars

The thing you're looking at (if you don't already know) is a crankshaft. No ordinary one, though. It's a five-bearing crankshaft—the kind used in sports and racing cars from Indianapolis to the Grand Prix. But never *any* low-priced car. Until Simca.

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	SIMCA '5'	VOLKS-WAGEN	RENAULT GORDINI
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MAIN BEARINGS	5	3	3
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CENTRIFUGAL OIL FILTER	Yes	No	No
NUMBER OF DOORS	4	2	4
ELECTRICAL SYSTEM	12-volt	6-volt	12-volt
UNIT BODY	Yes	No	Yes
COMPRESSION RATIO	8.5:1	7:1	8:1
WEIGHT	2020	1631	1455
OVERALL LENGTH	164.9 in.	160.6 in.	156 in.

Based on reliable automotive sources, current at date of preparation.

Bask in the wonderful warmth of Mighty-Mac and love winter. Like the iron hand in the velvet glove, these handsome coats conceal their unusual ruggedness, their incredible comfort. Left: **BUTCH-MATE.** With its split yoke and double breasted design, this self-lined Mac-Melton* coat is styled for youth. Its deep Tycoon shawl collar is more than a match for blustery winds. Black, brown, olive, charcoal. In sizes 14-20. $35.00. **BUTCH-RIG.** Identical coat in sizes 6-12, $29.95. Right: **MOMAN.** Tailored of rich, self-lined Mac-Melton* with new free-swing construction and self-shawl collar. Black, oxford, olive, brown. In sizes 36-46. $39.95. Featured by America's leading stores. Look for them! **MIGHTY-MAC®**

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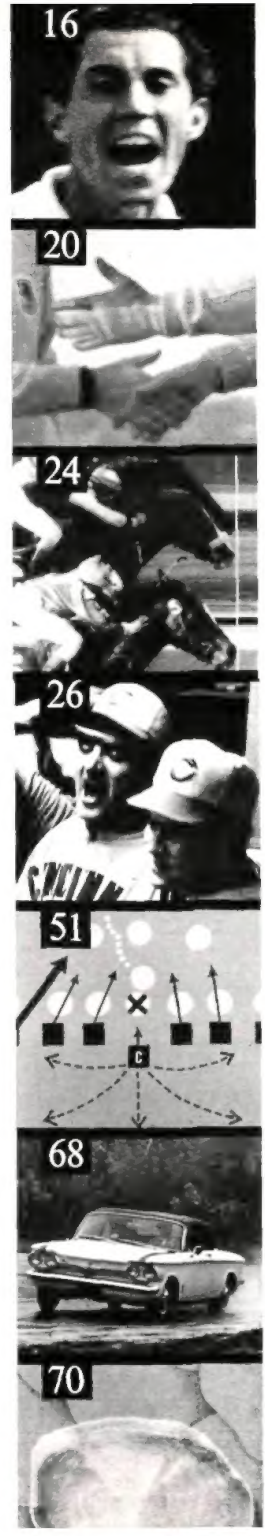

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., except one issue at year end. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class matter by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. U.S. and Canadian subscriptions $6.75 a year. This issue published in national and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: eastern, E1–E8.

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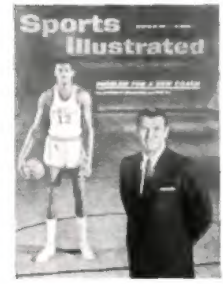
Next week

The *Liberté*, grand old lady of the French Line, retires from service in November. Joe David Brown salutes his favorite ship, and what he considers the last civilized way to travel.

If you should see a Spad or a Nieuport flying by, don't think you've gone crazy—it's only the latest thing in airplanes. An exciting story, with color pictures of an old-style dogfight.

Previewing pro basketball's long season, Ray Cave assesses the powerful effect new Coach Frank McGuire will have on his Philadelphia team and the NBA, also scouts all the clubs.



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SCORECARD

END OF THE ASPIRIN AGE?

When the owners of the new National League baseball teams, Houston and New York, completed the raffle in Cincinnati which gave them 45 players for a mere $3,650,000, a fan could only breathe a sigh of relief. We hope that this maneuver, supplying these two new teams with "players" for the 1962 season, ends baseball's most trying and tiresome times.

Consider the events of the last three years:

First, there was the shifting of the Dodgers and Giants to the West Coast (and the concern about building Chavez Ravine and Candlestick Park).

Second, there was the expansion and subsequent dilution of the American League to include new franchises in Washington and Los Angeles, and the transfer of the old Washington franchise to Minneapolis-St. Paul.

Third, there was the aborting of the Continental League.

Finally, there was the expansion of the National League.

Now that all this moving and shaking has been accomplished we hope not to hear another word about expansion, not to have to concern ourselves with new franchises or player pools or land grabs. Baseball needs a historical continuity, and we hope it will begin rebuilding one.

CALL OF THE WILD

Two moose hunters prowled the bush of Flin Flon, Manitoba, giving out their best grunting moose calls. Each got closer and closer to his prey. They gave a final blast on their horns, stepped around a big spruce tree and confronted each other.

DOWN IN FRONT

For many a long year now, professional basketball has set some of its coaches get away with all sorts of antic behavior. They kick and scream and stomp their feet. They dash out on the court for loud debates with referees, and they incite crowds to huge commotions. This year the National Basketball Association shouted "Hold, enough!" and said a technical foul will be called if a coach rises to his feet to vilify an official. There are even a few signs that the NBA means business and will enforce its policy. The other night at Madison Square Garden the steam-heated Boston Celtic coach, Red Auerbach, jumped up in his customary fashion to protest a call during an exhibition game. He had hardly straightened his knees before Referee Norm Drucker called a technical foul, giving the New York Knicks a foul shot and Red a $25 fine. Minutes later Auerbach rose in quasi-righteous wrath again and immediately found himself facing that grand and imperious "to the showers" signal that has maintained the decorum of baseball for half a century.

Mr. Auerbach, an excellent coach when not *an agent provocateur*, retreated to the far reaches of the grandstand, and the game proceeded peacefully and with no loss of interest. We hope to see this rule enforced just as rigorously during the season.

THE STOLEN GAME

Fritz Crisler, the University of Michigan's athletic director and former football coach, was musing about his favorite game the other day and decided that it has become too "stereotyped." Said Crisler: "Little by little, football has got to the point where everyone does the same thing. Maybe it's the fault of the NCAA rules committee. The old sleeper plays, the sideline and talking plays, the hurry-up huddle have disappeared one by one. Coaches spend so much time recruiting and watching movies that they don't have time to be inventive. With the current practice of exchanging game films, they don't need to be. Every time one coach does something a little bit different, everybody else knows about it in a matter of days, so what's the use? They watch so many movies, could they tell which coach was which? I'd go crockeyed when I got home and saw it in the light."

We think there's a world of wisdom in that simple speech by the record coach whose teams racked up a 116-32-9 record. The exchange of films is a standard and valuable practice in pro football, which is a business; it is not so good for college football, which is (or should be) a sport.

MADE IN JAPAN

When an American pitcher wins 20 games he becomes a hero, his salary rises, he shaves and smokes on TV, he relaxes at poolside, he rolls around the banquet circuit and the next season he wins 9 and loses 14.

In Japan, however, where per capita baseball interest is higher than in the U.S., it signifies hardly anything to win 20 games. No hothouse flowers, the Japanese pitchers think nothing of starting every third day, and it is not until a pitcher wins 30 that he begins to get extra attention.

But even in Japan, Kazuhisa Inao is unique. He entered baseball as a teenager, won more than 20 games six years in a row. This year, at the age of 24, Inao shows a record of 42 14. He has appeared in 78 games for the Nishitetsu Lions of the Pacific League (a Japanese

big league), and the team, which finished in third place, played only 140.

The immediate conclusion is that Inao should be rushed to the U.S. and suited up, but he thinks he is better off in Japan. There he is a national hero, and a movie was made of his life (*Iron Arm Pitcher*). Here the lead role would be played by Tony Curtis, and the next year Inao would win 9 and lose 14.

AN OWNER'S OWNER

All owners in sports these days seem to have attended the same school, wherein they studied a form of three-button [illegible] the Lou[illegible] Notre Dame. Everybody thinks something wrong with sport, and if he does not adhere closely to the school's dictates, he must turn in his red-white-and-blue blazer to the dean.

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One of the fundamental teachings of the school is that when an owner fires a coach or manager he must make the following statement: "It really isn't old Joe's fault that the team is losing, but we have agreed that at this time a change might be in the best interests of both of us."

Last week we marveled at the forthright statement of Bud Adams, the owner of the Houston Oilers of the American Football League, when he fired his coach, Lou Rymkus. Adams said, "Our decision is based on a conclusion that the material on hand has not been used to its fullest potential." In other words, Rymkus hasn't been doing a good job. Turn in your blazer, Adams.

THE INSIDE TRACK

• Major league officials have sent 216 baseballs (1961 models) to a Massachusetts Institute of Technology professor for testing. Comparisons will be made with similar tests run in 1956.

• Fight fans planning to attend the December 4 heavyweight championship fight between Floyd Patterson and Tom McNeeley in Toronto will have trouble booking hotel rooms. Reason: December 2 is Grey Cup Day in Toronto, when the Canadian pro football championship is decided. Most hotels are already booked to capacity.

• New markings near the face-off circles in the National Hockey League are to stop skaters from moving in on opponents before the referee drops the puck. Cross marks make it mandatory for skaters to hold position, and insure a clean draw.

WINNER ON THE SIDELINES

The world champion sports car racer is in a peculiar position. He doesn't have a car to race. Phil Hill won the championship in a race marred by the death of fellow Ferrari teammate, Count Wolfgang von Trips, and 15 others at Monza last month. Since then, Hill has had to pass up all races because Ferrari has declined to race. "Their racing department is closed," Hill said. "The cars are in pieces. Why? Maybe it's because of the Von Trips thing, but I'm not sure. Anyway, they don't have to give me any reason for it."

Hill attended the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, N.Y. as honorary chief steward, and intends to be on the sidelines in upcoming races. "I may enter

continued

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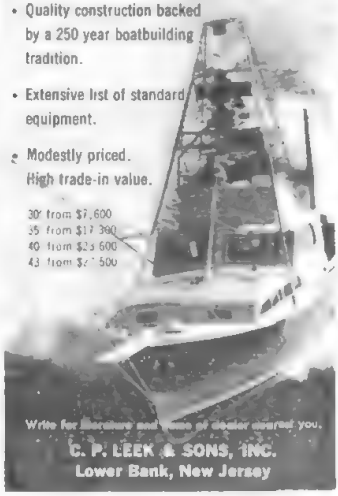

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the November 26 Formula I race at Mexico City," he said. "I hope Ferrari can be coaxed into assembling a Grand Prix car for me." Clearly, Phil Hill is not yet ready to entrust his reputation to any other manufacturer.

FIRST FOR GARY

Consider Gary Miller. Bright, young, healthy, effervescent Gary Miller. Gary is, alas, one of those guys that start throwing the football around in April, begin to put oil on the old baseball glove in December and shoot hook shots at the hoop in the playground come August. Sure, Gary's a season-beater. On October 10 at 2:30 p.m. Gary traveled 30 miles from his home in Salt Lake City, Utah to Brighton. There he found 20 inches of snow on the ground, took a practice run in preparation for his ski instructor's exam, twisted a ligament and wound up in an elastic cast. Felicitations to Gary Miller, first reported ski casualty of the season.

SHAKE, RATTLE AND WIN

The State Gaming Control Board of Nevada has completed a two-year survey which indicates that anyone who gambles in either Reno or Las Vegas has a better chance of winning than he thinks he does. Well, that's their story anyway. At twenty-one, or its variation, blackjack, the house has an edge of 2½% over the player, and a good player can often cut this down to 1%, (the house rules in Nevada make the dealer stick with 17 or over). At roulette the odds favor the house by 5.26%, on a double zero wheel and only 2.7%, on a single zero wheel. The slot machine gives the operators a big edge, sometimes as high as 10% over the player.

The best bet for the gambler is craps, where the house take is a mere 1.4%. Worst bet? A game called blackout bingo. You put up a quarter. If you cover all 24 of your numbers in 52 calls, you can make $1,000. Odds against: 60,425 to 1. So when in doubt, roll the bones. Maybe you won't win, but at least you'll lose more slowly.

RACING'S LOSS

John D. Hertz, who died last week at 85, was a man capable of running a highly successful car rental business and a highly successful Thoroughbred racing stable without letting the commercialism of the first corrupt the sportsmanship of the

REVERE STEREO SOUND

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FIRST OF THE ACTION-ECONOMY CARS. The 1962 Dodge Dart 440, a low price, full-size Dodge that'll outrun, out-economize most any car around. It accelerates 7% quicker than last year's model, and does it on 5% less gas. You see, dead weight has been reduced to a minimum. For instance, the automatic transmission housing (for V8s) used to be made of cast iron, now it's aluminum. The new one is stronger, and 60 pounds lighter. Net result. You get action and economy in the same car. ***COME IN AND DRIVE THE NEW LEAN BREED OF DODGE.***

second. He came into racing as a jockey's valet, one of the most menial racing jobs, at the outlaw track in Roby, Ind. From then on he spent most of his spare time studying horses, and became one of racing's most astute breeders and buyers.

A typical Hertz move came in August 1927, at Saratoga. He showed up late for a 2-year-old race and didn't know the names of the starters. As the field entered the stretch, two horses pulled away and ran head and head through the stretch. Near the finish one horse turned his head and tried to bite the other. Hertz was a man who believed what he *saw* in racing and not what he *heard*. He told his stable agent to buy the horse that had savaged regardless of the cost. "The one who tried to bite interested me," Hertz said, "because he was the fighter." The next year that horse, Reigh Count, won the Kentucky Derby. Fifteen years later Reigh Count's son, Count Fleet, won the Triple Crown, and eight years later Count Fleet's son, Count Turf, also won the Derby.

Hertz ran all his horses in his wife's name and was the breeder of all his wife's winners. Thus far, no decision has been reached as to whether Mrs. Hertz will keep the "yellow silks, black circle on sleeves, yellow cap" flying on America's tracks. The world of Thoroughbred racing hopes she will.

THEY SAID IT

• Joe Amalfitano, San Francisco infielder, after learning he had cost the Houston Colts $125,000: "I'll have to go out and get another life insurance policy: I'm worth more than I thought."

• Wally Butts, University of Georgia athletic director, speaking at the San Antonio Quarterback Club: "The definition of an atheist in Alabama is a person who doesn't believe in Bear Bryant."

• Tony Hulman, owner of the Indianapolis Speedway, announcing that the last 2,142 feet of bricks on the main straightaway will be asphalted over for next year's "500": "Greater speed definitely is not our objective [safety is], but new records will be a distinct possibility next May as a result of this action."

• Doug Harvey, new player-coach of the New York Rangers: "The biggest adjustment is becoming a loner. The coach doesn't pal around with his players. When I played with Montreal I liked to buddy around with the guys. Now I can't." **END**

LAKELAND features Greenwood's Casual Cloth in its Pelt-skin Cobble Coat for its long wearing, wash and wear qualities. Lakeland knows that back of every yard of Greenwood fabric is that dedication to the finest quality... the best performance. They know, too, that in the field of outerwear fabrics, Greenwood's reputation for effectively combining functional performance with visual appeal is unquestioned. Cobble Coat is an outstanding example of the "Lakeland Look from London" and... as always, it adds up to 100% Greenwood quality! GREENWOOD

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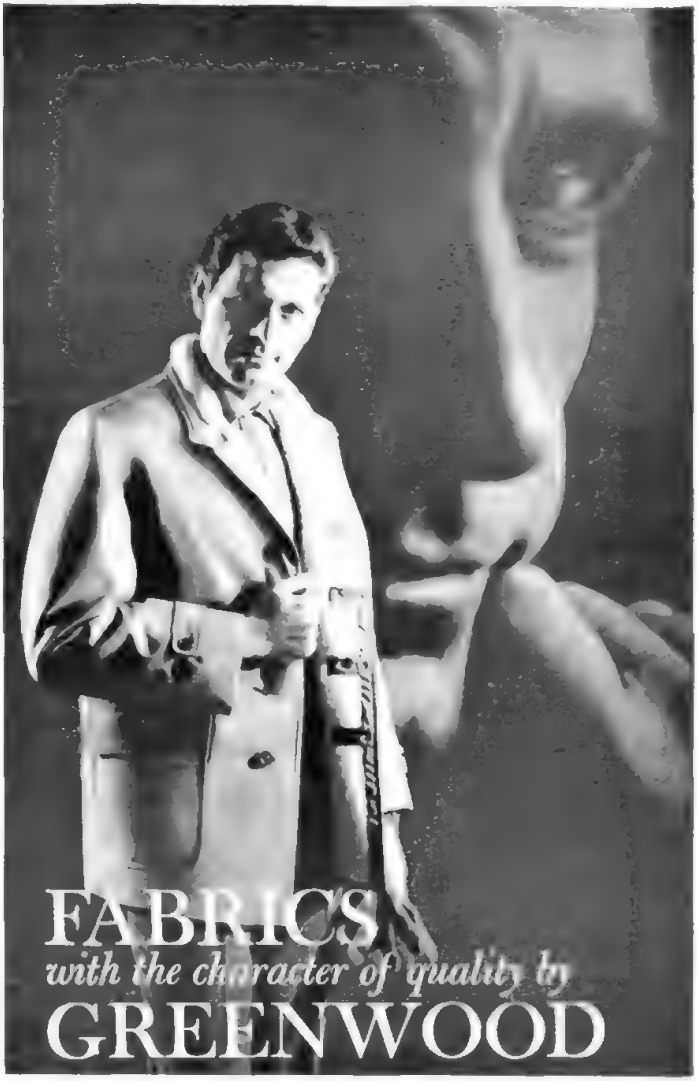
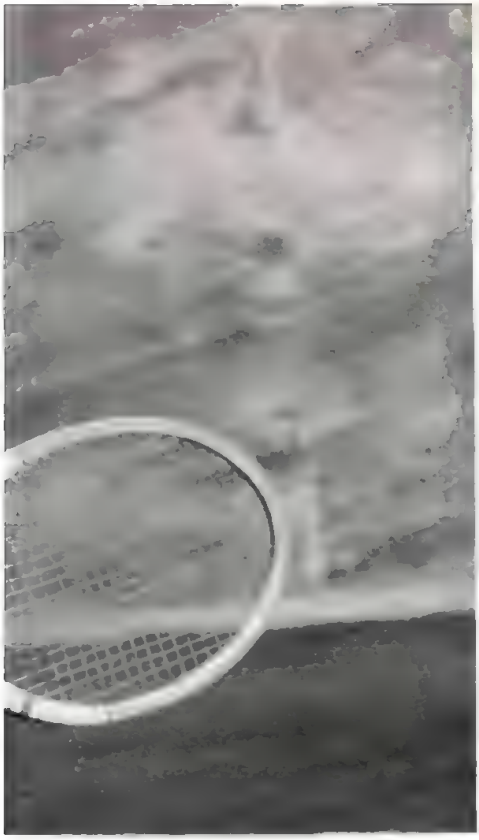


ANTIC AND EXPRESSIVE AS A CIRCUS CLOWN, THE ITALIAN VETERAN FAUSTO GARDINI NEVER FORGETS HIS PERSONAL AUDIENCE



Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 23, 1961

DAVIS: A CUP THAT GOT AWAY

Before a forum full of frenzied fans in Rome a frenzied Italian team first plunged, then climbed to oust the U.S. from 1961 competition

by WILLIAM McHALE

American tennis fans were understandably downcast a fortnight ago when they learned that for one reason or another none of their nation's top amateurs would be able to go to Italy to play for the Davis Cup. But Italy's tennis fans, oddly enough, were absolutely outraged. Still flushed from their victory over the best in the U.S. last year, the Italians were sure we had done it on purpose. "The United States has ridiculed the memory of Mr. Dwight Davis," snarled Italy's leading sports paper, *Corriere della Sport*, as U.S. Cup Captain David Freed arrived in Rome with his crew of virtual unknowns—Jon Douglas, Don Dell, Marty Riessen and Whit Reed. "For years Italian tennis has waited for this moment—the Interzone Finals on the center court of Foro Italico—and now the U.S. tries to ruin the fiesta."

Corriere did not for one minute believe that America's top clay-court man, Tut Bartzen, had a sore wrist, that Chuck McKinley had to stay home in Texas or that Dennis Ralston was too naughty to play international tennis. "Knowing their inferiority on clay," said *Corriere* with a sneer, "the big guns of United States tennis have taken refuge in childish excuses. It's not very sporting."

As Captain Freed put his players to work practicing five hours a day on the mushy *en-tout-cas* courts of Mussolini's

continued

huge monument to sport, *Corriere* flatly predicted a feast for their own gladiators. "By the end of the first day's matches, we will be ahead two to nothing. By the following day we can pick up our airplane tickets for the trip to Australia," the paper declared. But, as it turned out, by the end of the first day's matches and to the ill-concealed fury of the Italian fans, the Italians themselves were behind one match and were well on their way to losing the second.

Roman tennis fans bear little resemblance to the well-behaved enthusiasts who politely applaud a good shot here and there at Wimbledon or Forest Hills. Following a tradition established in the days when Christians and lions were the main attractions on the local sports calendar, they scream their approval, roar their disapproval and curse the umpire.

No athlete in all Italy is more responsive to this kind of rooting than Fausto Gardini, a knobby-kneed 31-year-old who was five times champion of Italy in the mid-'50s. Gardini quit the game six years ago to run the huge bakery business owned by his wife's father, but last summer he came back to tennis to win another national championship and help Italy beat the Swedes four to one in the European Zone finals. A stringy, expressive, cavorting clown, Gardini uses the crowd as his personal cheering section. During his matches last August the Swedes got so rattled by the booing and whistling Gardini claque that they huffily threatened to walk off.

Last Friday, as Gardini strutted onto the center court at the forum to meet America's brawny young Jon Douglas, he was greeted by a thunder of cheers from 6,000 patriotic throats. "Fausto, Fausto, Fausto," the fans chanted, waving the yellow paper hats they had bought to fend off the glaring October sun. To young Douglas, a short, husky, onetime quarterback from Stanford University, it must have sounded like a Saturday afternoon at UCLA. Somewhat cowed by the demonstration, Douglas at first approached his opponent diffidently. A superb athlete but not a great tennis player, he seemed content to retrieve the Italian's shots without trying for any kills of his own. The first two sets were a series of long, dreamlike exchanges from backcourt to backcourt. Since Douglas missed more often than his opponent, he was soon trailing badly, and at each decisive point the Italian would throw back his head in a toothy grin and yell his triumph to the crowd, which would answer in a roar of Latin adulation.

Douglas was behind two sets to love and five games to two in the third set, and the crowd was hungry for the kill. "*Mazzalo, mazzalo*" (Slaughter the bum), shrieked the fans in ripe Roman fashion. But the young American suddenly dropped his waiting game and began rushing the net to slam into Gardini with all his muscular might. Taken by surprise, Fausto floundered, missed, dropped five straight games and lost the set to put the score at two to one his favor.

For nearly an hour after that the two men fought grimly, matching each other point for point, game for game. Then Douglas' young strength began to tell and the crowd's cheers grew anguished as its hero began to fade. "Fausto," they called, drawing out the final "ooo" in mournful tremolo like the end of an aria in *Rigoletto*.

Maiden lady

When the American finally crashed through to win the set 10 to eight, Gardini collapsed like a pricked paper bag filled with hot air. He complained of cramps, staggered around the court pointing at his leg and grimacing the way Harpo used to after Chico slammed the piano cover on his fingers. In the final set the sulky Italian refused even to try. He served underhand like a Victorian maiden lady and waved his racket listlessly at the balls returning over the net. When Douglas took the set 6–0 and the match with it, the great Fausto slunk off to collapse in the arms of his team captain.

"Gardini," proclaimed the Italian papers soon after, "was beaten more by cramps than by the skill of his opponent."

It was well after 4 o'clock when unorthodox Whitney Reed took the center court in the second singles match against Nicola Pietrangeli, who is rated one of the best amateurs in Europe. Cheered by his teammate's victory and characteristically full of confidence, Reed refused to be intimidated. "I can take this guy," he told a friend, and then proceeded to do just that almost. He chewed up the Italian's service and forced the normally impeccable Nicola into error after error on his own return. "Nicola, Nicola," moaned the disillusioned and unbelieving Italian fans in the lengthening shadows of darkness and defeat.

BLIND FRUSTRATION suffuses the whole frame of Jon Douglas, the stalwart American who beat one Italian only to lose to another.

Indeed, if darkness had not overtaken Italy before the issue was forced, Reed might have gone right on to take the match and give the U.S. a commanding lead for the cup. As it was, however, the match was recessed with Reed leading two sets to love and Pietrangeli ahead four games to three in the third set. By next morning the Italian had regained his composure and was again at the top of his game. Reed seemed scarcely present as the Italian took the remaining games and sets almost effortlessly to win the match.

Sad to say, from then on the Americans never had a chance. On Sunday, Captain Freed chose Reed rather than Douglas, whose smashing play might have been more effective than Reed's delicate touch strokes on the soft surface, to team up with Donald Dell in the doubles. This untried combination was pitted against Orlando Sirola and Pietrangeli, a doubles team that had won 29 Davis Cup victories for Italy. The result was a U.S. defeat in four sets and the virtual end of American Davis Cup hopes for another year. Even the one set taken by Reed and Dell in the doubles was not so much won by the Americans as lost by their opponents during a spell when Sirola suddenly and unaccountably was unable to get the ball over the net. By the third set, however, the gigantic (6 feet 7 inches) carefree Italian player was back in form again and from then on Italy's right to challenge Australia for the cup was never again in contention.

The doubles match which gave Italy its lead and the final singles matches which clinched the round went so predictably in Italy's favor that even the Italian fans watched in relative quiet. During the first set of his decisive match against Pietrangeli—which was no match at all—young Douglas, only the sixth-ranked player in the U.S., fought tenaciously to hold his opponent to a 9–7 victory, but the effort took all he had. Pietrangeli won the next two sets easily 6–3, 6–2 to capture the match and the round for Italy, leaving nothing in the way of glory for the agile—and miraculously recovered—Gardini but the formality of trouncing Reed in a five-set match that no longer mattered. **END**

RYDER: A CUP WE BROUGHT HOME

U.S. professionals defeated the British in both foursomes and singles, but it took two days of superb golf by one of the best teams we have ever sent to England

by HENRY LONGHURST

HEBERT SUFFERS AFTER MISSING PUTT.

As was generally expected, the U.S. retained the Ryder Cup on the links of the Royal Lytham and St. Annes Club in Lancashire, England, where Bobby Jones won a historic Open Championship in 1926. Having led by 6 2 on the foursomes, the American team captured the singles by 8½ to 7½.

This was a very fine match, an exposition of golf at its best, both in play and in spirit. It was the first international competition in which two 18-hole matches were played each day, against different opponents in morning and afternoon. We were thus treated to 24 finishes, no fewer than 10 of which went to the last green. One's immediate reaction to this innovation was, "Why did we not think of it before?" As a matter of fact, Francis Ouimet, member or captain of so many U.S. Walker Cup teams, did. He suggested it, without success, for the Walker Cup more than 10 years ago. Experience at Lytham has shown that it should certainly be reconsidered. More than 10,000 people paid for admission on each day, and the taller among them saw golf that became progressively more exciting as the series wore on.

The British drew first blood when Peter Alliss and Christy O'Connor, after a modest start, beat Doug Ford and Gene Littler, but the U.S. won the next three to lead 3 1. With this pattern repeated in the afternoon, they led by 6–2 on the day. Two British pairs, however, could have been forgiven for uttering the time-honored lament of the boxing managers: "We was robbed." In the afternoon

RYDER CUP SCORES

Eight Scotch foursome matches on the first day, Sixteen singles matches on the second

FIRST DAY, *Morning round*

O'Connor-Alliss (G.B.) over Ford-Littler (U.S.), 4 and 3
Wall-Hebert (U.S.) over Panton-Hunt (G.B.), 4 and 3
Casper-Palmer (U.S.) over Rees-Bousfield (G.B.), 2 and 1
Collins-Souchak (U.S.) over Haliburton-Coles (G.B.), 1 up.

Afternoon round

Barber-Finsterwald (U.S.) over Haliburton-Coles (G.B.), 1 up
Rees-Bousfield (G.B.) over Collins-Souchak (U.S.), 4 and 2
Hebert-Wall (U.S.) over Alliss-O'Connor (G.B.), 1 up
Palmer-Casper (U.S.) over Panton-Hunt (G.B.), 5 and 4
(U.S. leads 6 points to 2).

SECOND DAY, *Morning round*

Souchak (U.S.) over Moffitt (G.B.), 5 and 4
Casper (U.S.) over Bousfield (G.B.), 5 and 3
Palmer (U.S.) and Alliss (G.B.), halved
Littler (U.S.) and Coles (G.B.), halved
Finsterwald (U.S.) over O'Connor (G.B.), 2 and 1
Hunt (G.B.) over Barber (U.S.), 5 and 4
Rees (G.B.) over Hebert (U.S.), 2 and 1
Ford (U.S.) over Weetman (G.B.), 1 up.

Afternoon round

Rees (G.B.) over Ford (U.S.), 4 and 3
Souchak (U.S.) over Hunt (G.B.), 2 and 1
Palmer (U.S.) over Haliburton (G.B.), 2 and 1
Wall (U.S.) over Weetman (G.B.), 1 up
Alliss (G.B.) over Collins (U.S.), 3 and 2
Bousfield (G.B.) over Barber (U.S.), 1 up
Coles (G.B.) over Finsterwald (U.S.), 1 up
Littler (U.S.) and O'Connor (G.B.), halved
(U.S. wins 14½ points to 9½ points).

PALMER ENJOYS TIME OUT HORSEPLAY WITH HIS WIFE, AND BRITAIN'S REES AND BOUSFIELD CELEBRATE WINNING THEIR FOURSOME

Alliss and O'Connor had squared with Art Wall and Jay Hebert on the 17th and were "robbed" by an exquisitely struck 20-footer by Hebert that rolled gently into the very center of the hole for a birdie 3 on the 379-yard 18th.

Later Jerry Barber and Dow Finsterwald came to the same hole 1 up on Neil Coles and Tom Haliburton. Here Barber struck the kind of high slice that is perpetrated by thousands of golfers on the first tee every Sunday morning. The truth is he could not have complained if he had found it unplayable in the gorse. His partner, however, was able to hack it to within 60 yards of the green, still in the rough. Barber pitched up rather moderately, and Finsterwald then robbed the luckless British with another 20-footer.

The singles were, as the Duke of Wellington remarked of Waterloo, a "damned close-run thing" and the Americans, by common consent one of the strongest teams ever sent to Britain, had to pull out all they knew to prevail by a single point. Indeed, at one time during the afternoon they were leading in only a single match. A morning lead of 5 3, however, meant that this was all they needed in order to tie, at least.

In the morning Harry Weetman missed a very short putt to lose to Ford on the last green—which was a pity from the point of view of hope for a close finish to the match as a whole. Ralph Moffitt opened his Ryder Cup career with a 2 at the 208-yard first and at this stage it could hardly have entered his head, or that of his opponent, Mike Souchak, that only seven holes later he would be 5 down. Souchak played magnificently all day and made a great impression in Britain. He was five under par in beating Moffitt at the 14th and in the afternoon seven under in beating Bernard Hunt at the 17th. Twelve under par for the day! Souchak was the only American to win both his singles matches.

Alliss vs. Arnold Palmer was a "natural"—two grand players in full fighting trim, the one a stylist with the old classical swing, the other the principal exponent of the modern square, punching method. The match ended "all square" enough, in a half but was decided by a piece of real daylight robbery by Palmer. He had already chipped in twice from just off the green, and now, at the long 18th a roar of the nonpartisan crowd that could be heard a mile away signified that he had pitched into the hole, first bounce, from a bunker beside the green.

Much more will be heard in British golf of Coles, who had won his first major tournament the week before with a final round of 65. In the morning he was 2 up with two to play on the U.S. Open champion, Gene Littler. A poor drive lost him the 17th but he had a cinch 4 at the 18th, only to have Littler pitch up within six feet and hole the birdie putt to save the match. In the afternoon Coles, playing like a veteran, beat Finsterwald by one hole.

Weetman reached the turn in 33 in his second round, only to find himself 2 down to Wall, who had got there in an incredible 31—3-4-4-3-3-5-4-3-2. They had a desperate battle to the last green, both in 68, where Wall won by a single hole.

Every member of the American team, not least the two whom he beat, He bert and Ford, joined in congratulating Dai Rees, the British captain, who at 48 has been beaten on six occasions in Ryder Cup singles in Britain, a record more remarkable for the fact that he first played in the match in a team containing Peter Alliss' father. END

Wide Wink in Pittsburgh

Pittsburgh's new Public Auditorium, being dedicated here, is as high as a 12-story building, seats 13,000 for sporting events and its [illegible] dome, a 475 foot in span. Like a vast eye, the dome can wink shut in two and a half minutes, but like an eye it also weeps. The roof, alas, leaks.

A Nose Is Not a Nose

Is Not a Nose

Like an unconscious parody of Gertrude Stein, the races at Sandown Park in Victoria, B.C. recorded a monotonous rhythm on the photo-finish camera. In the fourth race on October 4 (*far left*) Tismine was the winner by little more than the skin of its nose over Silver Mint. In the sixth race (*center*) Mandy's Magic (*foreground*) finished nose to nose in a dead heat with Kay's Image. Then in the seventh race Ambling Fox (*foreground*) and Feridon matched noses in another dead-heat finish. It was the first time at Sandown that two dead heats had been run for win money on the same day, let alone in consecutive races.

"After you gave up two runs in the sixth and three more in the seventh, why did Hutch let you pitch the eighth?" a reporter asked Brosnan. "He just had confidence in me, I guess," said Jim.

EMBARRASSING, WASN'T IT?

The best writer who ever took the mound in the World Series describes how it feels to be clobbered by the New York Yankees

by JIM BROSNAN

Embarrassment is the certain destiny of the professional ballplayer. Pursuing a daily victory, he battles an historical percentage that assures failure four times in every 10 games. Unsportsmanlike, he resents failure, envies any success of his opponent.

His embarrassment has three stages:

1) A subconscious foreknowledge, which he weighs confidently: "I can and I will . . . but I might not."

2) A public exhibition, for which he assumes a professional aplomb: "I do or I don't."

And 3) a private postgame replay, at which he concludes, necessarily: "I didn't."

The Yankees won the Series with a professional competence that was admirable to watch . . . if you weren't on the field losing. For 26 innings, however, the 1961 World Series was an even match. To the concealed dismay of many reporting witnesses, the Yankees failed to run the Reds out

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of the park. Inevitably, the better club won. In the Cincinnati clubhouse there was a momentary blue depression, fortunately tinged with a colorful, chic green. At $1,000 a game, embarrassment, even in a World Series, is almost worthwhile.

This is the way it went . . .

New York is an island, unto itself, you might conclude if you weren't just happy to be there. The newspapers, telecasters and taxi drivers pretended we didn't belong in the World Series, but 10 hours after we arrived, the Yankees welcomed us to the Stadium for a workout. Somebody said we'd be awed at the sight of the ball park.

Jogging around the outfield to warm up, Bill Henry and I stopped at the 461-foot marker to admire the proportions of a park that will allow a pitcher's mistake to be caught well short of a home run. There are three monuments in center field, and plenty of room for more future self-exaltation if such is necessary to prove the greater glory of the Yankees. Henry squinted through a slight drizzle at the expanse of sold-out seats.

"Place needs a coat of paint," he pointed out.

Driving back and forth from the Hotel Roosevelt to Yankee Stadium, we were reassured by visible facts that New York is smaller than Los Angeles, less obviously cosmopolitan than San Francisco and dirtier than Pittsburgh. During the 1961 season we'd made out all right in those towns. An analysis of the Yankees during a clubhouse meeting October 3 made the players out to be human beings. We were encouraged.

Roger Maris, for instance, may have an aspect of immortality, but he can be pitched to. "Don't let him hit a fast ball. Keep sliders, all hard stuff up and in. Change up on him. Throw strikes." He sounded like Sammy Taylor of the Chicago Cubs.

"Maris hits the long ball," said the report solemnly.

"Ralph Terry," the scout had written, "is a cutie pie. Everything has to be just right with him, immaculate. He'll pick up the rosin bag, set it down just so, pick it up again, rearrange it two, three times. His pitching delivery is just like the *Spalding Guide*. Battle him all the way, get him mad, he'll explode. Call him 'Sweets.'" Terry, the No. 2 Yankee pitcher, looked like laughs.

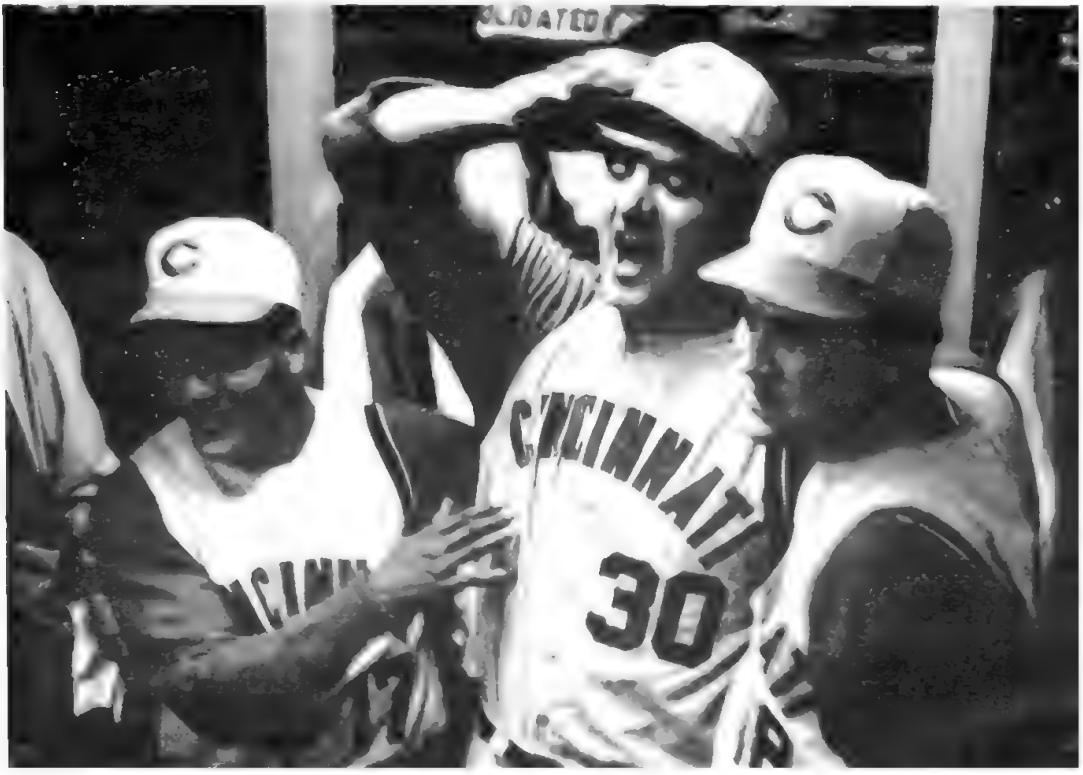
At a crowded breakfast table on the morning of October 4, I felt abnormally hungry. "What does a starry-eyed young ballplayer have for breakfast before the Series?" I asked. "This is my first game."

An amiable if sharp-witted sportswriter checked his memory and recalled. "Dick Groat had coffee, juice and two screaming kids. That was in Pittsburgh last year and that was *my* first game."

Smiling, well-fed and covered with wives' kisses and friends' well-wishes, we bused to the Bronx. A posted warning in the ramp to our dressing room said: NO WOMEN ALLOWED BEYOND THIS POINT. We strode onward like men, dressed, warmed up and listened to the public address announcement of the starting lineup. Our side got as much applause as the Yankees. The general atmosphere was awesomely blase. "Poor babies," I thought sympathetically, watching the Yankee dugout. "They deserve some recognition."

The first game was a conservative, expert, professional exhibition. The nationwide telecast, sponsored by Chrysler and Gillette, enabled the provinces to

AFTER REDS' ONLY VICTORY, WINNING PITCHER JOEY JAY (CENTER) CELEBRATES WITH ELIO CHACON (LEFT) AND GORDY COLEMAN



see a cool performance by the efficient, compact Ford, a New York left-hander. He worked swiftly, picked up the only two runs of the game on long balls hit by Howard and Skowron and sent us all to the showers by 3:15. Half our team played, the others watched, happy to see so many paid customers, disappointed but hardly demoralized by the score. The Yankees were not particularly impressive.

Pondering a can of beer and the pleasurable sense of participation in one *inning of a World Series*, I thought, "It was a kick just being in; tomorrow we win."

One popular Little League reaction to the embarrassment of being shut out by any facsimile of that's possible) of Whitey Ford is the rationalization "He was lucky." Then you forget all about it as if it were an accident. To the mature ballplayer and to the mature female baseball fan, good fortune is to be courted, just as ill fortune is disparaged. (Talent alone may not win.)

Cincinnati Red fans had, as early as July, invoked natural and supernatural fantasies, Oriental and Occidental gods, effectually spurring our pennant progress. Ofuda blessed in a Shinto shrine at Kyoto, a real rabbit's foot from Kansas, a double buckeye especially worthwhile to an Ohio cultist and a sackful of lucky pennies . . . all had contributed favorably to our sense of destiny. On the eve of the second game, at the very witching hour of midnight, a special-delivery package arrived from Cincinnati containing an incense candle, partly consumed. "In prayerful plea for one happy moment," said an accompanying note. Sweet prescience. We lit the candle and slept peacefully.

Lingering doubts that we'd ever score a run in the Series were dismissed in the fourth inning of the second game when Gordy Coleman hooked a low fast ball into a crowd of souvenir seekers beyond the right-field scoreboard. His home run came one pitch after a necessary change in the rallying cry of the Red bench. At first, the appeal had been "Everybody go get the Corvette," (a prize offered to the most valuable player in the Series). Such a materialistic, personal wish proved ineffective and led to the new inspiration: "Forget the _____ Corvette, everybody do his little bit."

The Yankees themselves contributed, playing badly enough to give us four more runs. Joey Jay, pitching like a 21-game winner from the National League (*a superior major league*), was bothered only by Yogi Berra, a catcher who misplayed left field for New York. Berra's home run tied the score in the fourth, causing a desperate female fan to rise behind the Red dugout, crying, "I'll change the name of my bird for that." (My wife's parakeet, for some forgotten reason, is named Yogi.)

The crowd of 500 (or so) fans that greeted us that night in Cincinnati was less noisy, more colorful (a festive Red) than the throng which celebrated the National League pennant-clinching victory (a more rewarding achievement). Being native Cincinnatians they could not get tickets for any Series game at Crosley Field (about 500 seats were reserved for the out-of-town press). The fans threw a little confetti, waved banners and pennants and reflected the poorly conceived if nobly intentioned local headline: PEPPY REDS FULL OF CONFIDENCE. Awash in platitudes, we rested one day, awaiting the Yankees.

Crosley Field, home of the Reds, is somewhat larger than the banquet room in the Netherland Hilton Hotel, but a bit smaller than Union Terminal, where the Yankees debarked on October 6. The park was drawn by an architect using a *sumi* brush attached to a fungo bat, and is dedicated to the principle that a pop fly is as deserving of a tape measurement as a well-hit line drive. Pitching at Crosley Field requires excellent talent or a masochist's philosophy, depending upon one's relative success. A pitcher may just as well try to make perfect pitches all the time. Why waste anything? The slightest mistake is often fatally embarrassing.

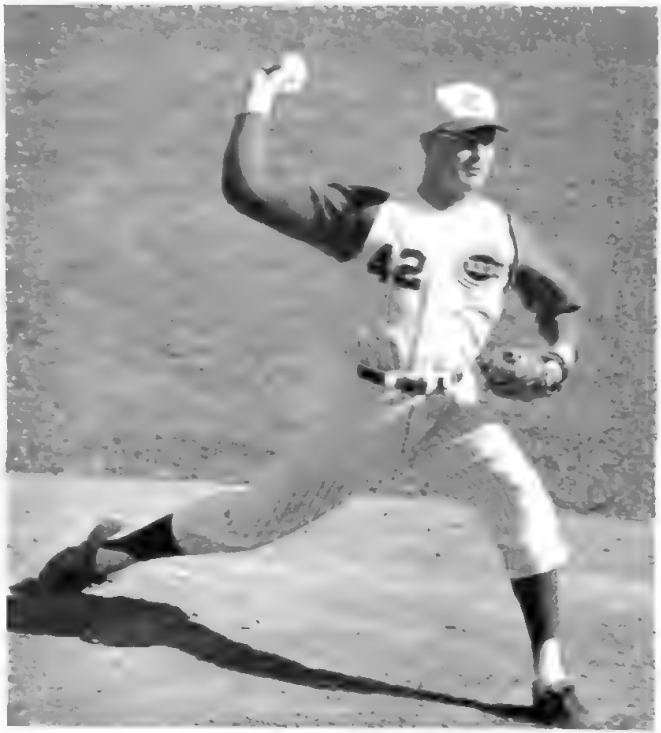
Bob Purkey wasted nothing for six innings of the third game, making just 46 pitches to get the first 18 outs (average effectiveness: 75 pitches). Amazed and grateful, Cincinnati Red batters applauded Purkey after each inning and promised to get him some runs, because "That guy ain't got a thing out there, and besides, we know what's coming."

"Why don't you hit him, then?" asked Purkey, sweating. "He's already hung 13 curve balls."

"We will, we will," they said—and they amassed two runs in seven innings.

With two out in the eighth, Purkey made his first mistake, and Blanchard hit it into the bleachers to tie the score. In the ninth he made another one, and Maris hit it farther. That was the ball game and, as it turned out, the turning

"I TOOK MY WARMUP PITCHES EIGHT I THINK, LISTENING TO THE DIXIELAND BANDS"



point of the Series. Never again did the Yankees trail.

"That pitch wasn't too bad," Purkey explained later. "I'd gotten him out all day with my slop slider away. That was the first hard slider I threw him all day." He stared at his half-lathered face in the shaving mirror, twisting the razor in his big hand. "Maybe I shoulda tried to get into him like they said." He paused again, razor at his throat. "Maybe, that is."

Words of consolation, as banal as they were sincere, enabled Purkey to finish shaving safely, and he reminded everyone left in the clubhouse that "Sunday is our day, boys. We'll get 'em."

Sunday was also Ford's day to work for New York, and apparently Ford has something going for him in World Series games—unassailable pride, perhaps. He shut us out for five innings, and had a two-run lead going into the sixth. We were still in the game when the announcement was made that Jim Brosnan, No. 42, was the new pitcher.

I took my warmup pitches, eight, I think, listening to the Dixieland bands, sneaking a look at the dancing girls, hunting for folks using my passes behind home plate. Workmen had sprayed Crosley Field with fresh, white paint. The ground crew had sprayed the grass a new, bright green. And soon the Yankees were spraying line drives around the park. I heard a friendly bass voice cry, "We got the beads goin', Broz," embarrassing a priest sitting behind him and my wife sitting beside him. She complained of nausea and retired below the stands even before I did.

Earlier that afternoon a New York sportswriter had asked me to play word associations with him. "Skowron," he'd said. "Easy to pitch to," I responded. The seventh Yankee run was scored that day on a line drive smashed by Skowron off my right hip. It raised a large hematoma, a blood-filled tumor that soon turned into a multicolored remembrance of the game. I really didn't need it.

On the morning of October 9 it was necessary to pack one bag for a New York trip in case we won, and to arrange transportation home in case we lost. Every man on the Cincinnati team brought a bag to the park with him; several Yankee players arranged transportation home. They had a better hunch.

The Yankees started Ralph Terry, loser of the second game. Joey Jay pitched the first 11 minutes for us. He said later, "I made more mistakes in one inning than I made at any time all year." Five Yankee runners scored. Their bats made impressively loud noises. Jay smiled wanly at the Red players returning to the bench. "Anybody hurt?" he asked.

"Broz, it just ain't our day. Again," said Coach Pete Whisenant. Pete donned dark glasses after the Yankees scored five more runs. He checked the stands for any of the colorful fauna that are attracted by the socially chic Series games, and watched, morosely, as eight Red pitchers took turns on the mound. A fan sitting just behind the bullpen yelled to one resigned reliever, "Go get 'em, Christian," as the Yankees roared.

There were few tears, a couple of beers and an absence of cheers at the end of it all. Since we didn't even get paid for the fifth and final game, there was simply nothing to be said for it. When word circulated around the clubhouse that we could not expect a check for at least two weeks, there were some groans. The standard of living it up in the Series being prohibitively costly, the lush green of ready cash seemed for the moment more attractive than the verdant green thoughts of home. Jerry Zimmerman added a final, wry footnote to the thoroughly depressing afternoon.

"Bet I'm the only player ever to get into a World Series and not have enough money to get home on."

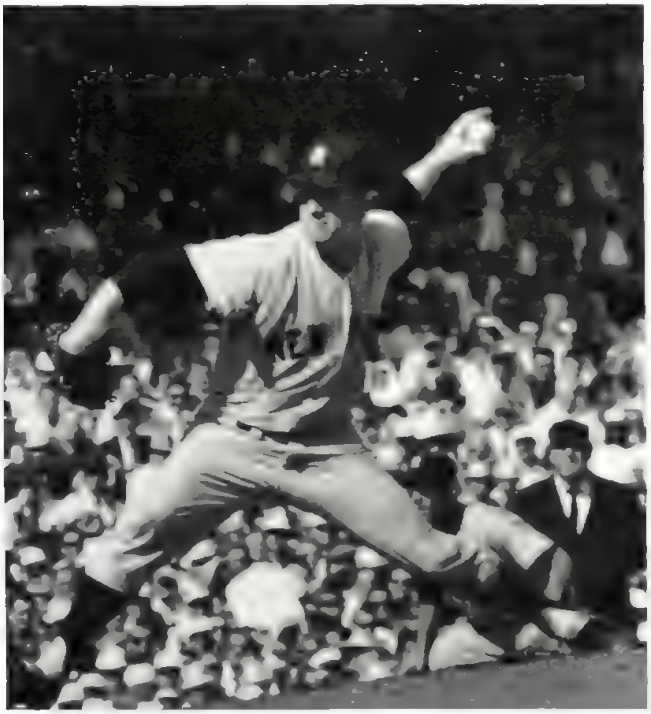
Embarrassing, isn't it. **END**

BROSNAN'S WORLD SERIES RECORD

	IP	H	R	ER
Game 1	1	0	0	0
Game 4	3	6	5	5
Game 5	2	3	0	0

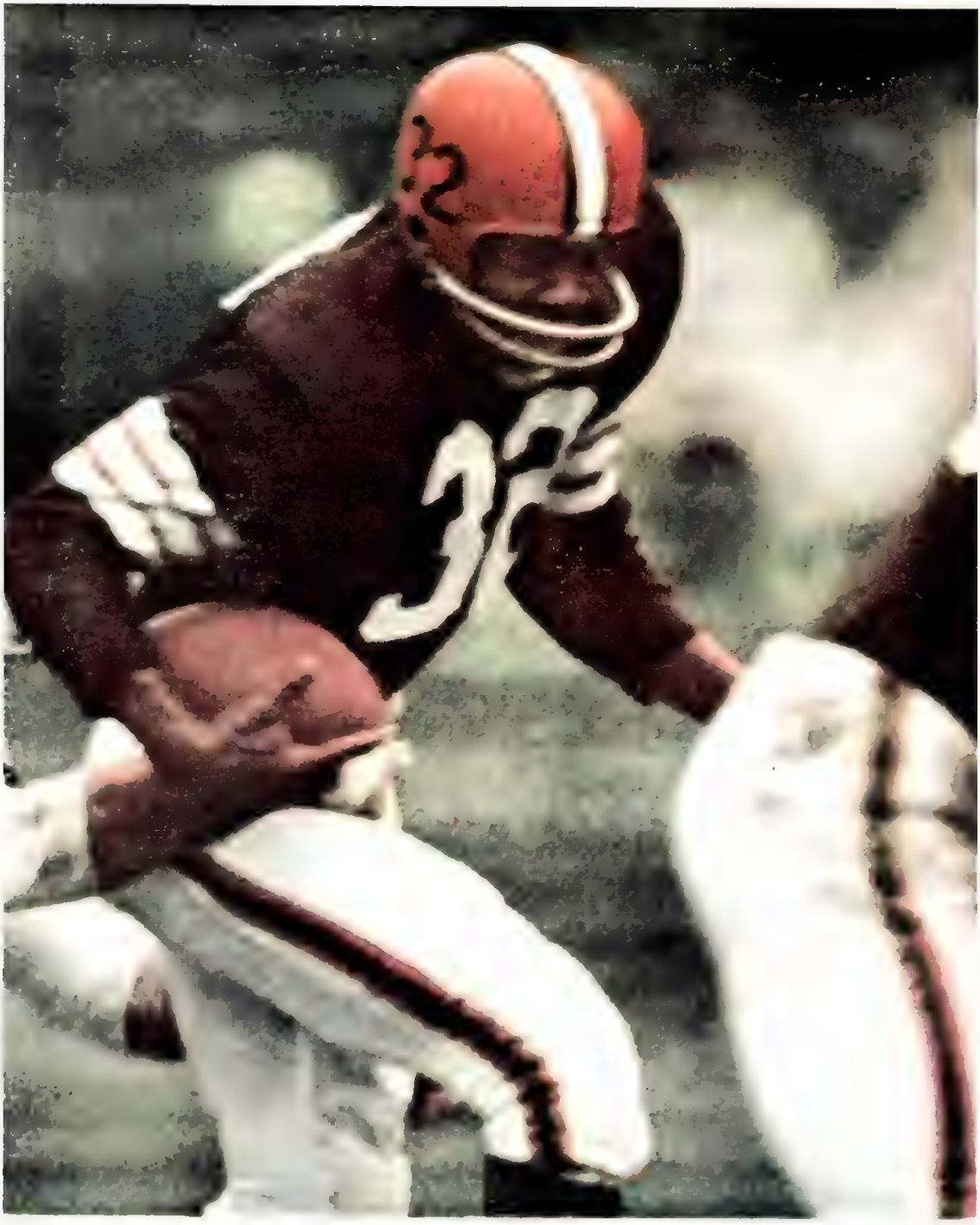
	G	CG	IP	H	R	BB	SO	HB	WL	PCT.	ER	ERA
Composite	3	0	6	9	5	4	9	0	0	0.000	5	7.50

"WHITEY FORD HAS SOMETHING GOING FOR HIM . . . UNASSAILABLE PRIDE, PERHAPS"



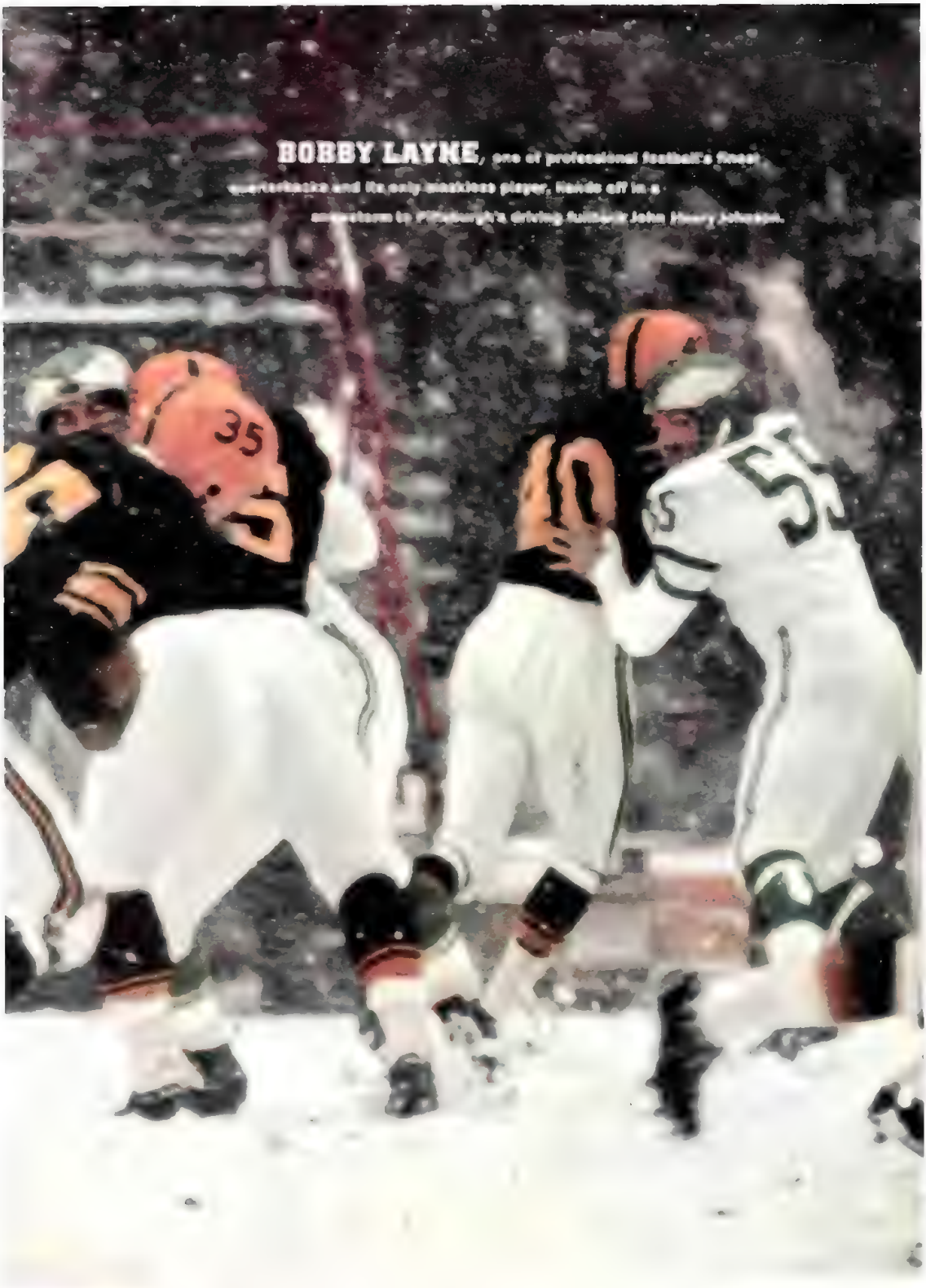
FIVE STAR PROS

The grace of coordinated power is one of the beauties of football. On the cover and on the following pages that kind of power is on display—in the running of such players as Cleveland's sinewy fullback, Jim Brown (right), or in the cold poise of a pro quarterback amid the violence of the scrimmage. Here are five of the best of the pros: players who have, by virtue of their strength, agility and courage, earned renown as stars in a sport where a good name is hard to come by.



TED DEAN, the Philadelphia Eagles' Pennsylvania-reared running back, gamely resists the rush of the road-wise Washington Redskin foemen.

22
2
22



BOBBY LAYNE, one of professional football's finest quarterbacks and its only mistrial player, hands off in a [illegible] to Pittsburgh's driving fullback John Henry Johnson.

JIM TAYLOR, Green Bay fullback from LSU, runs with better balance and more power than any other player in football. Here he drives head on into an unfortunate tackler.

SUPERCHARGED ENTRY IN THE AFL

by ROY TERRELL

Unbeaten in six games, the relocated Chargers present a massive line and a sensational quarterback who could put long-abused San Diego on the big-time map

Surrounded by Tijuana to the south and Knott's Berry Farm to the north, San Diego, Calif, is an isolated community at the end of the western world, sort of a Key West with cowboys. No train runs through it, no airline goes beyond it. The Navy lives there and hates it. In particular it is the target of Los Angeles jibes, which all too often are directed at San Diego deficiencies as a sports town.

"San Diego is bush league," say Angelenos. "A nickel town. The only thing they'll support down there is the zoo. And kids get in free." Naturally, San Diego does not take this lying down. "Don't knock our zoo," says the chamber of commerce. "It's one of the finest in the world."

In truth, San Diego does not have to defend its sporting way of life. The smogless climate is magnificent and the beaches beautiful. The largest live-bait sport-fishing fleet in the world operates out of San Diego Bay. Mission Bay Park, one of the great aquatic playgrounds, has sent its fleet of racing sailors out to gain international fame, and water skiing is so popular that they have to keep traffic cops on duty there. Golf courses decorate the community, and tennis courts do a bustling business the year round. Bowling alleys run 24 hours a day, and it is sometimes necessary to make reservations a week in advance. The surrounding countryside is alive with riding stables and good hunting land. San Diego has such splendid recreational facilities, in fact, that eventually even the Navy learns to love it and thousands of retired officers return there to live.

None of which refutes Los Angeles' minor league charge. San Diego has never produced a surplus of spectators. The San Diego Padres of the Pacific Coast League have been struggling for years. The San Diego Skyhawks won the Western Hockey League playoffs in 1949, were gone a year later because of sagging attendance. College football does not draw. If a San Diegan is unable to control the urge to spend the afternoon sitting on a hard seat, instead of lolling in the surf, he would rather go to Tijuana for a bull fight—and spend the rest of the day drinking half-price booze.

Yet San Diego has suddenly found itself in possession of a million-dollar ball club, the undefeated Chargers of the American Football League, and what happens next is a test both of San Diego and of the AFL itself. For the million dollars represents not the value of the team but what Barron Hilton lost in giving unappreciative big-time Los Angeles a Western Division championship last year. (The exact figure was $900,000), and San Diego may never have another such chance to thumb its nose at the noisy neighbor to the north.

If the Chargers click financially, then big league baseball may soon follow. The American League is anxious to establish a "natural" rivalry for the Los Angeles Angels on the West Coast—while decreasing travel deficits for eastern teams—and San Diego is the logical

(continued)

choice. Already there is talk of shifting the Kansas City Athletics out there, which shows how desperate some people can get. But failure to support the Chargers means the death of San Diego as a big league sports town. It may also bring a rattle to the throats of the AFL, for a struggling new league does not lose its strongest attraction and survive, and Hilton is determined to go no further.

"If we don't make it here," he says, "then we don't make it. I won't move again, I'll quit. Where would I go? Ensenada?"

The chances are that the baby-faced, 33-year-old heir of the hotel wizard will not have to dig too deeply into Conrad's pocket again. He estimates that he will lose only $250,000 this year. When the AFL was formed, each of its new owners was prepared to face a much heavier financial beating than that, probably for a period of two or three seasons, until the new league gained maturity. But already Barron Hilton has more going for him than the old carte blanche he carried last year.

In Los Angeles the Chargers were bucking the Dodgers, Southern Cal, UCLA and the National Football League Rams. In San Diego they are bucking only inertia and the zoo. In Los Angeles, Hilton insisted upon going first-class straight to the cleaners. He paid 15% rental on the Coliseum for each game, another $1,500 in expenses and had no share in concessions, while maintaining a complimentary ticket list of almost 4,000 names. In San Diego he gets Balboa Stadium, enlarged to seat 34,500, for free during the 1961 season and then must pay only $2,000 a game in 1962—unless the gate exceeds $100,000, in which case he will pay 5% of the gross. He also rakes in all receipts for parking and concessions.

In Los Angeles, a diehard NFL town, the Chargers were looked upon as a grossly inferior product. Newspapers treated them as second-rate and the *Times*, most influential of all, ignored them. A heavy promotion campaign managed to sell 11,000 season tickets, but on the day the Chargers won the division championship by beating the Denver Broncos, only 9,900 people showed up. The Green Bay Packers, it seems, were playing the San Francisco 49ers that day for the NFL Western Division championship. The Rams were not involved—but the game was on TV.

AMONG HIS SOUVENIRS, BARRON HILTON LOOKS FORWARD TO A HAPPIER SEASON

In San Diego there are no Dodgers, there are no Rams. The Chargers are it. All to themselves, they have a city with a metropolitan population of 1,200,000, 16th largest in the U.S.—a population that has a history of doubling every 10 years. Two of the biggest boosters in town are Sports Editors Jack Murphy of the *Union* and Gene Gregston of the *Tribune*, who would like to write about major league sports and still spend their weekends at home for a change. With all of this support, the Chargers drew 29,210 to a game with the Houston Oilers three weeks ago and had to turn others away because improvements at Balboa Stadium were not yet complete. Most important of all, the Chargers seem prepared to present San Diego with that one great cure-all for apathy, a winner. At least, no one has been able to beat them yet.

The man responsible for this state of affairs is not Hilton, who only pays the bills, but his head coach and general manager, Sid Gillman, a refugee from the Los Angeles Rams. Gillman is a short, squat individual of 50 years with some sort of dynamo running inside him and a face that lights up like a jack-o'-lantern when he is happy. He was an all-Big Ten end at Ohio State in 1933 and has been coaching through the 28 years since with such results that he has resembled a pumpkin much of the time. He won an NFL Western Conference championship in 1955, his first season with the Rams, but when the record dropped to 2-10 in 1959 subsequent events indicate that not all the fault

was Gillman's—he was fired. Hilton caught him on the first bounce.

Gillman's first job was to scrub together some football players. He beat the NFL to some high college draft choices, including one the Chargers had to go to court about. Mississippi's All-American Charlie Flowers. He divided the country into sections and sent his staff into every nook, cranny and coal mine seeking out football players overlooked or passed up or turned down by the NFL. From this operation he mined such jewels as Paul Lowe, a brilliant, elusive halfback from Oregon State who couldn't adapt to the San Francisco 49ers system ("We adapted our system to fit him," says Gillman), and a freckle-faced kid with a cannon for an arm named Jack Kemp. Lowe was employed, fittingly enough, at the Beverly Hilton Hotel. Kemp was unemployed, having spent the three seasons since his graduation from little Occidental on the taxi squads of four NFL teams and one Canadian team. Gillman also held a tryout camp. "We invited anyone who could walk, crawl or ride a bicycle to attend," says Gillman. "We looked at 207 football players, if you want to call them that. We signed eight." The Chargers won 10 of 14 games and the division championship in 1960 and lost to the Houston Oilers in the playoff 24-16. Six games deep in the 1961 season they are undefeated.

This is a far superior product to the one the Chargers fielded last year. However, reflecting to a certain extent the improvement of the league as a whole, Gillman has always been an offensive coach, yet his greatest pride at the moment centers around his defensive team. It is worth looking at. The four middle linemen weigh an aggregate of 1,087 pounds, and Gillman doesn't mind feeding them if they continue to demolish opposing offenses as they have. Ron Nery, the lone holdover from 1960, is the smallest. He stands 6 feet 6 inches and weighs 244. Bill Hudson, the defensive captain, spent four years in Canada; he is 6 feet 4 and weighs 277. The other two are rookies. Earl Faison, a magnificent end on a miserable Indiana team a year ago, was the No. 5 draft choice of the Detroit Lions. He is 6 feet 4 and weighs 256. Ernie (Bigger than Big Daddy) Ladd, from little Grambling College, was the No. 4 draft choice of the Chicago Bears. He stands 6 feet 9, weighs 310 pounds and is agile enough to have been considered an outstanding basketball player. So far, Ladd simply

(CONTINUED)

SHIFTY AS A SHADOW, [illegible]

QUICK AS A HICCUP, Bo Robinson [illegible]

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Gillman believes, he won't make any

item in the AFL in 1960 when there

on your back." As a unit, the Charger

82 points.

the senseless argument that swirls around

New York Titans, has challenged the

Cornell, has spent most of the time on the bench. Last year Lowe had the best

Units for Jack Kemp

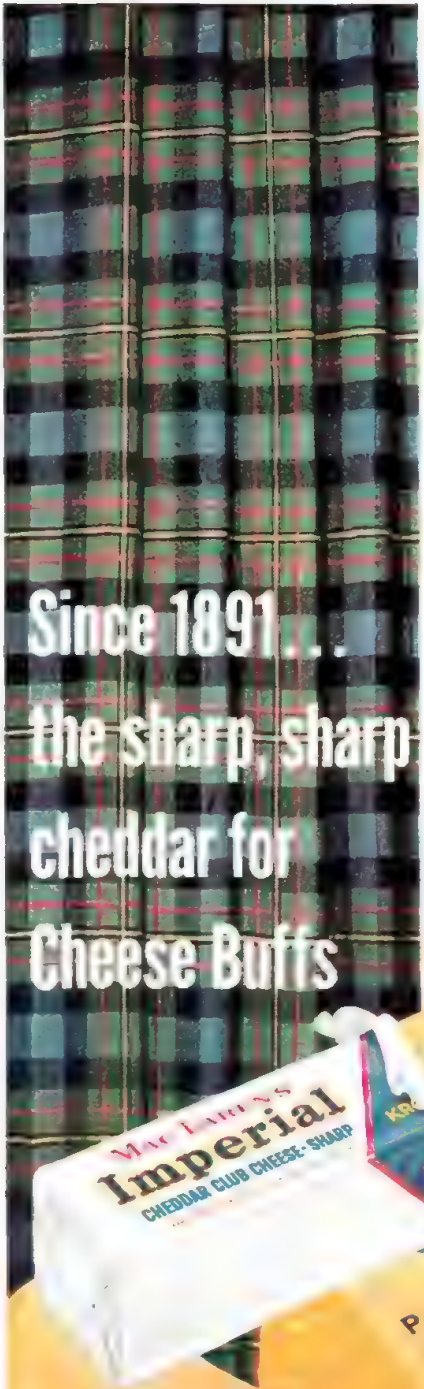
built athlete who stands 6 feet 1a I and weighs 205 pounds. Except for his size, he looks like the little boy down the

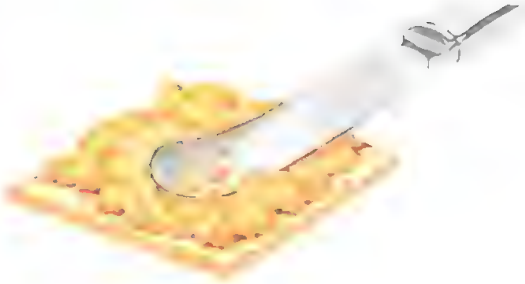
from Southern California, "but what-

Kemp was an All-Southern California

in the huddle and twice earned Little

RESCUED FROM OBSCURITY, JACK KEMP BECAME BEST PASSER IN AFL





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REFUGEE FROM RAMS, GILLMAN PUT CHARGERS ON ROAD TO TITLE

SAN DIEGO CHARGERS *continued*

All-America honorable mention. The pros received this information with overwhelming apathy, but the Detroit Lions drafted him, just in case. In Detroit, Kemp found two quarterbacks already in residence named Bobby Layne and Tobin Rote.

Kemp went to the Steelers, where he played behind Earl Morrall and Len Dawson. He went to the Giants, who already owned Charlie Conerly and Don Heinrich. The next fall the Giants signed young Lee Grosscup to a no-cut contract and decided to make Frank Gifford into a quarterback, too. So Kemp went to the Canadian League and spent half a season playing behind the All-America rookie from California, Joe Kapp. He finished out the '59 season at San Francisco, earning a few hundred dollars just to hang around waiting for something to happen to Y. A. Tittle or John Brodie. Finally it did. Tittle was injured in the Baltimore game, and Coach Red Hickey of the 49ers decided to activate Kemp. "You can't," said the late commissioner, Bert Bell. "It's illegal. He played half the year in Canada." So Jack went home to L.A. and waited for Gillman to call.

Last year Kemp was the all-league quarterback and runner-up to Haynes in the most-valuable player balloting. He completed 211 passes in 406 attempts for 3,018 yards and 20 touchdowns. He ran for eight more. "The difference," says Jack, "is that I got to play. Sid went with me despite my mistakes. In the NFL, every time I got into a game, all I could think about was doing well enough to stay in the game. Last year I could think about touchdowns."

Kemp is very much like Unitas. He is quick and elusive enough to stay out of the clutches of charging linemen when his own pass protection breaks down. He takes beautifully, and the passes he throws appear to have been shot out of a gun. He has very good receivers in Don Norton, Dave Kocourek and Luther Hayes, who must be good at self-defense. Most of the passes that Kemp fires to complete bounce off someone's nose. "You get your hands up when he throws," says Hayes. "You don't catch his passes against your chest."

Kemp can throw a football 90 yards in the air, quite an accomplishment for a boy with a chronic dislocated right shoulder. "I have to throw from here," he says, demonstrating his three-quarter style. "If I put my arm up over my head, it pops out of joint." Kemp has sometimes been criticized for throwing too hard, but the Chargers have made no attempt to change him. "If our ends can't handle his throws," says Gillman, "we'll just find some new ends."

"Maybe I'll ease up a little when I know my receivers better," Jack says. "By throwing hard, I can wait just a

(continued)

split second to see after they make their fakes and cuts to get away from the defensive backs."

"He didn't get to play for us," says Keith Rowe of the Giants. "He didn't have any experience but we all knew he could throw. I like that kind of hard pass myself, especially when I've covered closely. Less chance of an interception. And he could throw the real long pass: you know, 60 and 70 yards. Not many quarterbacks, even in this league, can do that."

Kemp has been playing this season with an injured left shoulder, too, and a twisted ankle, a combination that prevents him from practicing during most of the week. Before a game he slips a harness onto the left shoulder, takes a couple of shots to dull the assorted pains, and goes out to murder the AFL. At the first of the season, until he learned to live with his injuries, Kemp was slightly less effective than in 1960. In recent games, however, he seems to be even better. Gillman's only worry now is that Kemp will be called up with an Army reserve unit, the 977th Transport Company. Kemp, for his part, is embarrassed by all the attention the case has received; he failed one pre-induction physical and next week must take another to definitely establish his military availability. The Chargers may also lose Mix, who passed his physical but hopes to receive a temporary deferment until the end of the season on hardship grounds—he supports a widowed mother—and Howard Clark, last year's star pass-catching end who is still unable to complete vigorous workouts because of postoperative adhesions and has been kept on the bench.

"If we lose Clark and Mix," says Gillman, "we'll survive somehow. But if we lose Kemp, I'll probably have to play myself. I'd rather not think about it right now."

If the Chargers stay intact and healthy, they should also retain the class of the AFL, slightly ahead of the New York Titans, the Dallas Texans and the defending champion Houston Oilers, off to a miserable 1961 start. In fact, even critics of the AFL admit that the Chargers are good, so good that they may eventually cause their own downfall. The old bugaboo that keeps popping up is the infamous All-American Conference, which collapsed after featuring the Cleveland Browns and a horde of also-rans.

"A league cannot survive with a serious imbalance," said a National Football League official recently. "I wouldn't be surprised if the Chargers and a couple of other clubs kept improving to the point where we had to take them in." He gloated for a moment. "That would be the end of the AFL."

"No such thing is going to happen," says Gillman. "The rest of the league's improving, too. If we lose a weak franchise, there are a number of cities anxious to get in. As for a comparison with the All-American Conference, no such situation exists. The owners in this league have enough money that they don't have to throw up their hands and run at the first sign of trouble.

"Imbalance?" says the Charger coach. "I wouldn't mind a little imbalance. Just so long as we stay on top." END

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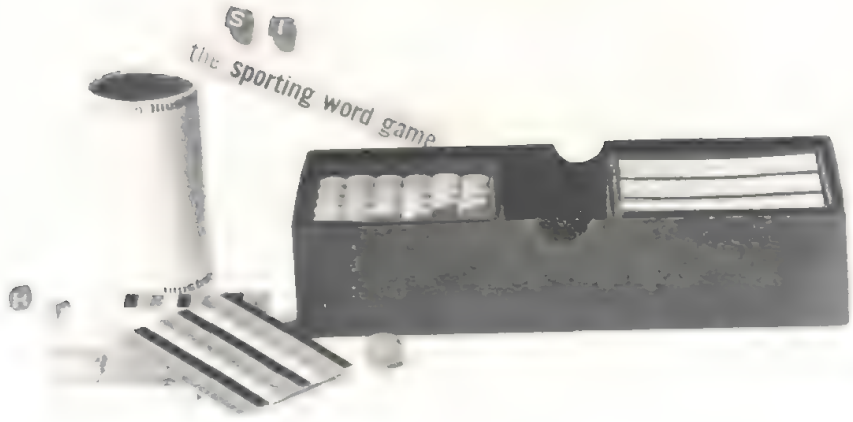

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Weatherproof* watches that don't look it! These Hamiltons are much too smart-looking for getting drenched or dusty. More the watch for dining out, or wearing to meetings, or placing casually on a speaker's stand. Consequently, you might not dare to expose such precision to surf, sand and sports car rallies. But you can—without a worry!

HAMILTON

LINE PLAY: THE LOWLY AND THE MIGHTY

by TEX MAULE

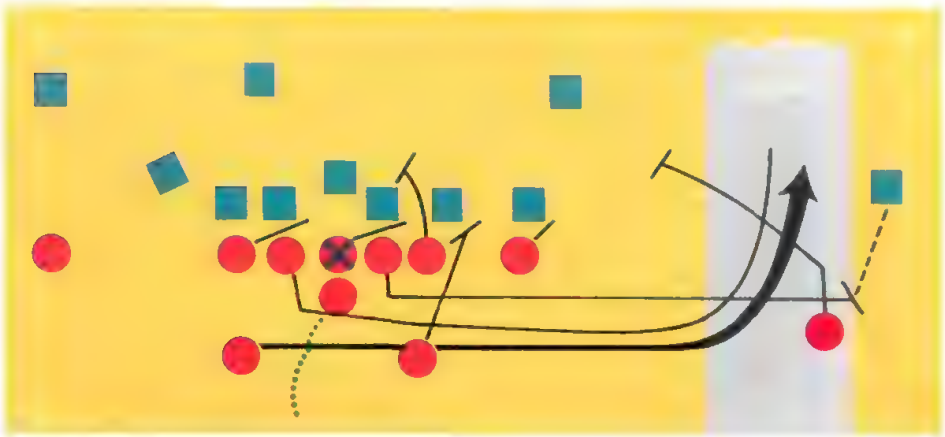
Drawings by Robert Riger

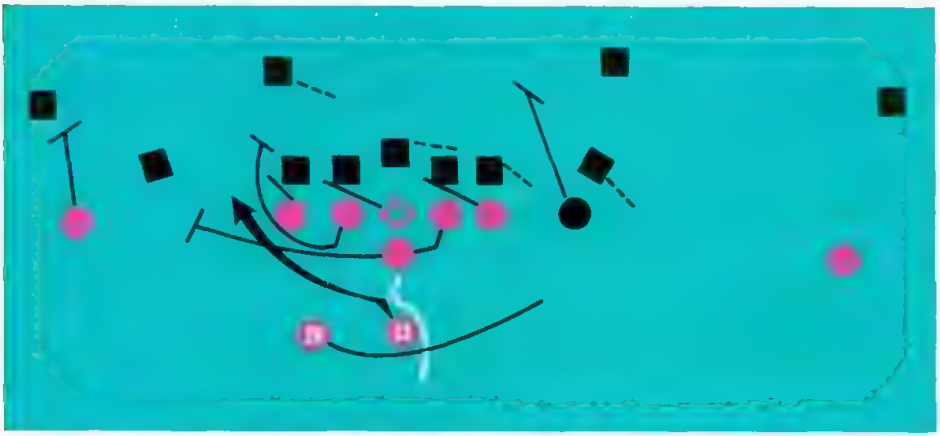
The most important yard in any football game is the yard that separates the offensive and defensive lines. The long passes and exciting runs that bring ever-increasing crowds to pro games depend upon control of this yard; if the offensive line cannot dominate it the quarterback spends a long afternoon on his back, and the runners join him whenever they are unfortunate enough to be handed the ball. Time was when the linemen, who needed little more than strong bodies, labored in relative obscurity and for peons' wages. Agility, physical or mental, played little part in their afternoon's work. But today they think and move fast, and for these very good reasons they are very well paid for their work.

CONTINUED

Applying power at the point of attack

The power sweep pictured at the right and diagramed below is designed to create an alley for the ball carrier by sheer blocking force. Both guards (62 and 66) have pulled out to lead the runner, the flanker back (*circle at the far right in diagram*) has turned in to cut off the defensive back. When the runner hits the alley, one of the guards convoying him will be ready to take out any defender who has survived the primary blocks used to set up the corridor down the sideline.





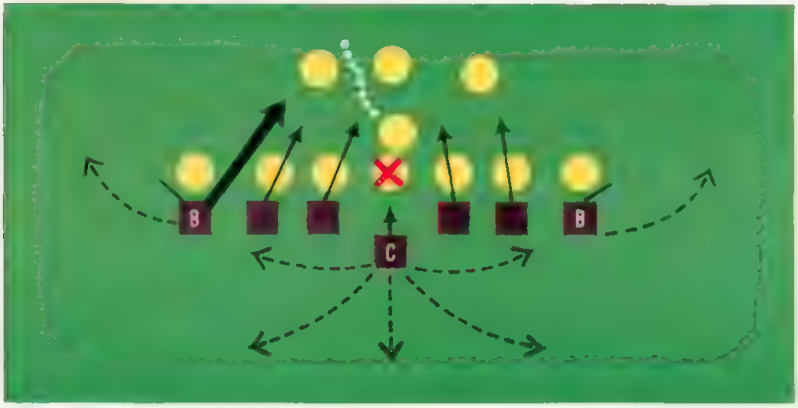
Using deception to create a hole

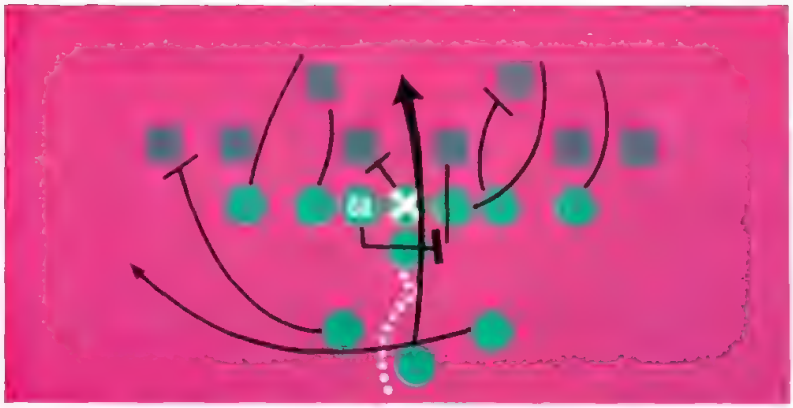
The play diagramed above is almost the opposite of the power sweep. It allows the offense to set up a flow of defenders in one direction, then to strike counter to the flow, giving the offensive linemen good blocking angles on the defense and using the defenders' own momentum to beat them. The left halfback (29) creates the flow by going into motion to his right; after the quarterback fakes a hand-off to 29, he gives the ball to the full-back (33), who slants to his left, away from the original direction of the play.

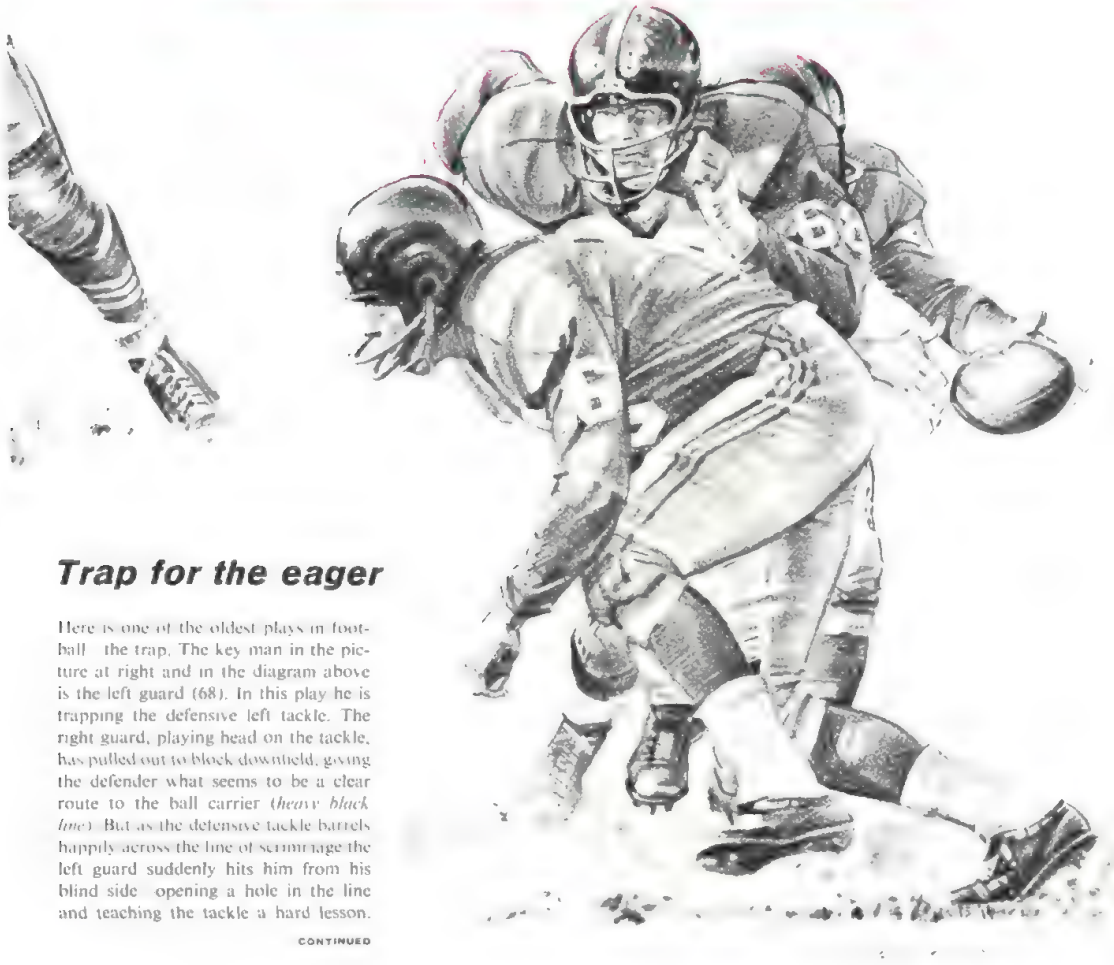
CONTINUED

Protecting the passer: key to success

The wonderfully accurate passers who direct the fortunes of professional football teams are at the mercy of the guards and tackles who block to protect them. This blocking is no simple assignment, and it is complicated by defensive maneuvers such as the one diagramed below—known in football as the red dog. Here a linebacker (*black square B at left*) abandons his usual assignment (*dotted arrow*) in favor of a direct assault (*heavy arrow*) on the quarterback. He is the red-dogging player in this case; it could just as well have been the middle linebacker (C, whose other possible routes are shown by dotted arrows) or the right linebacker. Defensive signals, which help keep the assignments straight, are called by one of the three linebackers.







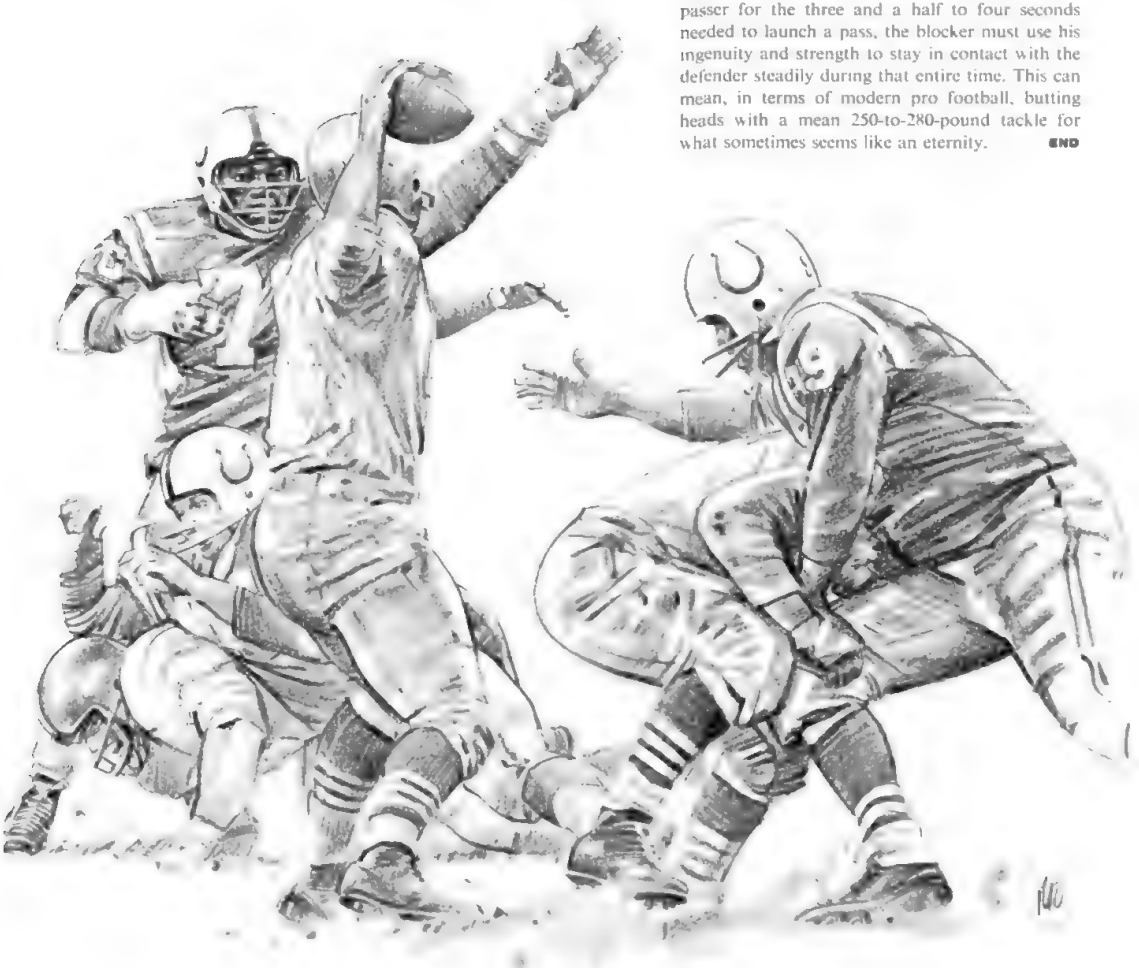
Trap for the eager

Here is one of the oldest plays in football—the trap. The key man in the picture at right and in the diagram above is the left guard (68). In this play he is trapping the defensive left tackle. The right guard, playing head on the tackle, has pulled out to block downfield, giving the defender what seems to be a clear route to the ball carrier (*heavy black line*). But as the defensive tackle barrels happily across the line of scrimmage the left guard suddenly hits him from his blind side—opening a hole in the line and teaching the tackle a hard lesson.

CONTINUED

Preserving the man who wins championships

Pass-protection blocking very often means the difference between a club's winning a championship and finishing deep in the second division. It is a very special art, requiring from the blocker enormous agility and persistence. In blocking for a running play, the lineman is asked to stop a defender only for the split second it takes for a ball carrier to enter and leave his particular zone. To protect the passer for the three and a half to four seconds needed to launch a pass, the blocker must use his ingenuity and strength to stay in contact with the defender steadily during that entire time. This can mean, in terms of modern pro football, butting heads with a mean 250-to-280-pound tackle for what sometimes seems like an eternity. END



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He can't, of course, but I would explain it by what goes into each Kodak Retina Reflex III Camera. He'd tell you about its coated lenses of special schooling. He'd point up the hand-tooled precision of each camera's body. He might even tell you about the special gauges that are made right in the factory for micro-measurement of tolerances.

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Or, if you're hard-to-please, the photographic enthusiast—in short, a professional—I would extol the single-lens reflex design of the Kodak Retina Reflex III Camera. How it lets you see your subject almost life-size. How you set the lens opening while looking through the viewfinder, by simply rotating the needle you see there. How easy it is to operate. And how amazing precise. And I'd be absolutely right, too!

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KODAK RETINA REFLEX III CAMERA

WITH GEORGE SAIMES (40) RUNNING INTERFERENCE, DEWEY LINCOLN OF STATE SKIPS THROUGH A GRUDGING MICHIGAN LINE

No 'moos' for Michigan State

Michigan may call State a cow college, but it was the Wolverines who got creamed

The University of Michigan likes to think of itself as the Harvard or Yale of the Midwest, old and dignified and ivied. On the other hand, Michigan regards its in-state neighbor, Michigan State, as a shaggy country cousin, oafish and ill-mannered. When the two schools play football, as they did last Saturday at Ann Arbor, the Michigan rooters occasionally express their contempt for the Staters by shouting "moo" across the field, the ultimate insult to a school that until recently was just a small agricultural college in the cow pastures of East Lansing.

It is only natural, therefore, that State knows no more satisfying pleasure than to knock the brains out of its uppity neighbors. With its handsome modern campus spread over some of the loveliest rolling farmland in central Michigan, State sees no reason to feel inferior to the city-bound university, with its hodgepodge of architectural eyesores encompassing every stage of collegiate design from Victorian wedding cake to neogothic and campus colonial.

So there is a well-honed edge to this rivalry, which began in 1898 when established Michigan condescended to play State. Michigan won that first game 39-0 and, four years later, almost pushed State right out of Michigan, winning 119-0. State won for the first time in 1913, 12-7, but Michigan dominated the series until 1950, winning 33 of the games and losing only six. Since 1950, however, State has won eight games to Michigan's two, a fact which Michigan finds difficult to digest.

Both teams started this season with a pair of impressive wins, Michigan beating UCLA and Army, State beating Wisconsin and Stanford. The game was rated about even, therefore, with Michigan thought to have the better first string, State the stronger reserves. "We have 12 good football players," said Michigan's slight, smiling coach, Bump Elliott, before the game. "Michigan State has 24."

"That's nonsense," replied State's Duffy Daugherty when the quote was relayed to him. "They used 58 players in their first two games. The way they talk, if we win it's because we have better players, but if they win it's because they are better coached." Daugherty, who usually conceals himself behind a guise of relaxed Irish affability, was obviously not playing the game for laughs.

Nor were his players, as it turned out. State kicked off and on the second play of the game recovered a Michigan fumble on the 31-yard line. Using solid, uncomplicated running plays, State drove for a touchdown to lead 7-0. Of the 31 yards, 25 were gained by a huge sophomore named Herman Johnsen. At six feet four and 213 pounds, Johnsen belongs to a new breed of college football player a man tall enough to play basketball, fast enough to make the track team and rugged enough for football.

State scored again the next time it got the ball, moving 76 yards in seven plays, most of it on a 46-yard pass play from Quarterback Pete Smith to his left end, Matt Snorton. It was still only the first period, and State led 14-0.

Michigan made a move to catch up

early in the second period when it recovered a fumble on the State 37-yard line. A pass got the ball to the 23 from where Bennie McRae, the end man on a beautiful double reverse, raced through the State team to score. But on the play Michigan had been guilty of backfield in motion, and the touchdown was disallowed.

The rest of the game was downhill, except for a brief Michigan flurry in the third quarter that ended with four futile line plunges inside State's five-yard line. State scored two more touchdowns, one just as the second period ended, one in the fourth quarter, to win the game with ease 28-0. The Michigan portion of the huge crowd —103,198—sat through the second half in silence. When the game ended, not a single "moo" could be heard.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

BACK OF THE WEEK. Syracuse's Ernie Davis ran for 120 yards against Nebraska, scored 26th and 27th TDs to tie Brown's career record.

LINEMAN OF WEEK. LSU Jack Charbonnet (left) and Bob Richards (center) charge against So. Carolina, defender pounced on three fumbles, set up two scores.

THE EAST

Shattered and bruised by Michigan's many legions a week earlier, **Army** hardly figured to give **Penn State** more than a rousing workout. The Cadets, it was said, lacked the outside speed to spread the fierce State defenders, and their long gray line was much too thin to stand up to another pounding. But, while the Army line more than held its own, No. 2 Quarterback Joe Blackgrove, shifted to left half, picked apart the Nittany Lion defense with swerving dashes, No. 1 Quarterback Dick Eckert further confused it with roll-outs and strategically placed passes, kicker Dick Heydt booted a 22-yard field goal, and the Cadets won 10-6.

Bumbling **Pitt** had a frustrating afternoon. Smothered by a surprisingly tough **West Virginia** defense and overwhelmed by Mountaineer rookie Fred Colvard, who ran and passed for 193 yards, and Halfback Roger Holdinsky, who sprinted for two touchdowns, the Panthers succumbed rather meekly 20-6. Of the major Pennsylvania schools, only unbeaten **Villanova** continued to sparkle. The suddenly wrathful Wildcats held **Buffalo** to three yards rushing, and Quarterback Rickey Richman passing and running brilliantly, led them to their fifth straight victory 28-6.

Columbia Coach Buff Donelli set his defenses to hem in the familiar **Yale** roll-outs and fullback smashes up the middle, then spent an enjoyable afternoon in Yale Bowl admiring his handiwork as his aroused Lions beat the Bulls 11-0. Quarterback Tom Vasell passed just often enough to confound Yale's sputtering attack. Fullback Al Butts battered twice at the Eli mid-line for scores and Tom O'Connor kicked a 23-yard field goal to end Yale's victory string at 11 and perhaps their chances for a second straight Ivy League title. Moving to the top of the league, **Princeton**'s swift tailbacks outran **Penn** 9-3, while Quarterback Bill King starred as **Dartmouth** rated **Brown** 34-0. But two other Ivy Leaguers found themselves in over their heads. **Cornell** was no match for **Navy** and bowed 31-7, **Harvard**'s "staunch" defense fell apart as **Colgate** beat the Crimson 15-0.

In other games, **Holy Cross** got a lift from sub Quarterback Billy Joern to beat **Boston U.** 20-7, and **Rutgers** trimmed Mid-Atlantic rival **Bucknell** 21-6. The top three:

1. SYRACUSE (3-1)
2. NAVY (3-1)
3. ARMY (3-1)

THE SOUTH

Coach Bobby Dodd, with painful memories of last year's game when **Duke**'s Lonely End mesmerized his **Georgia Tech** team, sent two men out to keep the lonesome man company while the rest of his players gathered around the ball. The strategy worked. The Blue Devils completed only four passes for 13 yards and their running game was stacked up by the hard-charging Tech linemen. Quarterback Stan Gann found a willing receiver in Halfback Joe Auer, subbing for injured Billy Williamson, as the Jackets won easily 21-0.

While Duke was getting its lumps at Atlanta, strange things were happening back home in the Atlantic Coast Conference. Unbeaten **Maryland**, emotionally flat after its astonishing win over Syracuse, twice gave the ball away on fumbles inside its own 20-yard line and lost to **North Carolina** 14-8 in the rain at College Park. The Tar Heels' Gib Carson was equally butterfingered with the football, but teammates Lenny Beck and Ray Farris alertly pounced on his end-zone fumbles for touchdowns. Last-place **Wake Forest**, after seven straight losses, romped through the big **Clemson** line for 298 yards and eked out a 17-13 win on Mickey Walker's 27-yard field goal and Chuck Reeves' two-point conversion pass. **Virginia**, once so hard put for a victory, got its second of the season, beating **VMI** 14-7.

SEC teams were busy polishing their skills against nonconference rivals. Quarterback Pat Trammell completed 10 of 14 passes for 188 yards and two touchdowns as **Alabama** beat **North Carolina State** 26-2. **Mississippi** ran over **Houston** 47-7; **LSU** whipped **South Carolina** 42-0, **Kentucky** defeated **Kansas State** 21-8, **Auburn** thumped **Chattanooga** 35-7; **Tennessee** beat **Tulsa** 52-6 and **Tulane** outscored **Virginia Tech** 27-14. But **Georgia** was less fortunate, bowing to **Florida State** 3-0.

Miami, still aching desperately from assorted injuries, matched **Colorado**'s touchdown but couldn't equal Jerry Hillebrand's 37-yard field goal and lost 9-7. Undefeated **Memphis State** won its fifth game, against **Mississippi Southern** 21-7. The top three:

1. MISSISSIPPI (4-0)
2. ALABAMA (4-0)
3. GEORGIA TECH (3-1)

THE MIDWEST

While **Michigan State** quite impressively planted its title seed against **Michigan**, the other Big Ten contenders **Ohio** and **Iowa** battened up on less demanding opposition. The Buckeyes sent Fullback Bob Ferguson crashing over for four touchdowns and whipped **Illinois** 34-0. Iowa's makeshift backfield sputtered a bit, but with Matt Szykowny subbing for injured Quarterback Wilburn Hollis, raked **Indiana** with passes and won 27-8. **Minnesota**, **Wisconsin** and **Purdue** suffered scars of life. The Golden Gophers undermined jittery **Northwestern** and destroyed the Wildcats 10-3, Wisconsin's Ron Miller and Pat Richter played catch to lead the Badgers past **Oregon State** 23-20. Purdue set down ambitious **Miami of Ohio** 19-6.

There was mounting evidence that the Big Eight may yet turn out to be at least a three-team race. While **Missouri** was having its troubles getting by **Oklahoma State** 10-0, **Kansas** finally roused itself to beat **Iowa State** 21-7. John Hadl, back at quarterback after playing the first three quarters of each half, picked up the lifeless Jayhawks in the first period and ran for the lead touchdown, then set up the clincher with another key pass.

Syracuse, chastened by its rousing experience at Maryland, was determined not to let it happen again at **Nebraska**. The Orangemen went back to grind-it-out football,

continued

gave the ball to Halfback Ernie Davis and let him run. Davis burrowed through and ran around the Nebraska line to lead Syracuse on 98-, 99- and 92-yard touchdown marches, and scored twice himself to break Jimmy Brown's school record (*see page 59*), and the Orange won easily 28-6.

Notre Dame continued target-shooting at South Bend, the victim this time being USC's Bill Nelsen, whose life was made miserable by hard-charging Irish linemen. They spilled him for 123 yards in losses. With this problem adequately taken care of, Quarterbacks Daryle Lamonica and Ed Rutkowski skillfully engineered the ground game for 322 yards, and Notre Dame whomped the helpless Trojans 30-0. The top three:

1. MICHIGAN STATE (3-0)
2. IOWA (3-0)
3. OHIO STATE (2-0-1)

THE SOUTHWEST

For a whole year Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles plotted to defend against Baylor's pro-type attack. Last Saturday night at Waco, the quick, purposeful Porkers put Broyles's plan to work. They pinched and rushed the ends to keep Baylor's feared runners inside and held All-America Ronnie Bull to 13 yards. Meanwhile Arkansas exploited a weakness at the Baylor ends. Quarterbacks George McKinney and Billy Moore faked their fullbacks inside and then kept the ball and swung wide themselves for long gains when they weren't handing off to speedy Halfbacks Lance Alworth and Paul Dudley. Mickey Cissell kicked a 26-yard field goal, McKinney passed three yards to Dudley and Moore pitched 32 to Alworth for a 16-0 lead. After Baylor narrowed the gap to 16-13 on touchdown passes by Ron Stanley and Bobby Ply, the Porkers switched their attack. Faking outside and hitting inside, they moved 42 yards in 12 plays, the last one a four-yard jump pass from Moore to End Jimmy Collier for a 23-13 victory. Explained a happy Broyles: "We just guessed right."

Next Saturday, Arkansas may find it more difficult to guess right when it faces powerful Texas at Fayetteville. Against Oklahoma, the still-to-be-tested Longhorns turned loose their swift backs only briefly and thrashed the poor Sooners 28-7.

TCU, so impressive in its first two games, was just about out of the SWC race after Texas Tech wrapped big Sonny Gibbs in an unrelenting defense and surprised the Horned Frogs 10-0. However, Rice may still be a factor. The Owls hustled past Florida 19-10 as Butch Blume kicked 24- and 31-yard field goals and picked off two Gator passes. The top three:

1. TEXAS (4-0)
2. ARKANSAS (3-1)
3. BAYLOR (2-1)

THE WEST

After too many years of despair, Californians suddenly had a gleam in their eyes again. In one glorious weekend California, UCLA and Stanford all counted victories, and a faintly discernible scent of roses was in the air—especially at Berkeley, where California took favored Washington apart and left the Huskies for dead. Quarterback Randy Gold pitched Cal to a 7-6 half-time lead and, when he twisted his ailing knee again, defensive specialist Larry Balliett came in to throw a 21-yard touchdown pass to George Pierovich, and run six yards for the score that beat Washington 21-14.

UCLA, said to be so rich in tailbacks that they fall over each other trying to get into the game, came up with the best one yet against Vanderbilt. Sophomore Mike Haffner, a swivelly towhead, proved hotter even than the 110° temperature in the steaming Coliseum as he led the Bruins past Vandy 28-21. Stanford produced its own heat to beat San Jose State 17-6.

For a change, there was some fun in the Skyline. Brigham Young had league-leading Utah squirming uncomfortably before the Redskins squeezed out a 21-20 victory. Colorado State led Wyoming 7-0 at the half, but Chuck Lamson pulled the Cowboys to an 18-7 win. Only Utah State had things easy. Halfback Tom Larscheid ran for two touchdowns, and the Aggies downed New Mexico 41-7. The top three:

1. WYOMING (3-0-2)
2. WASHINGTON (2-2)
3. UCLA (2-2)

THIS WEEK'S LEADERS

(NCAA statistics)

SCORING	TD	PAT	FG	PTS.
Pedro, West Texas State	12	0	0	72
Pilot, New Mexico State	10	0	0	60
Wright, Memphis State	8	0	0	48

RUSHING	R	YDS.	AVG.
Pedro, West Texas State	58	506	8.72
Campbell, Furman	81	480	5.93
Pilot, New Mexico State	73	461	6.32

PASSING	A	C	PCT.	YDS	TD
Gallegos, San Jose St	93	54	.581	720	6
Canty, Furman	94	46	.489	528	7
Miller, Wisconsin	82	45	.549	563	2
Gabriel, N.C. State	82	45	.549	449	4

TOTAL OFFENSE	R	P	YDS.
Wright, Memphis State	222	565	787
Gross, Detroit	91	611	702
Furman, Texas Western	212	463	675

TEAM OFFENSE	PLAYS	YDS.	GAME AVG.
Texas	274	1,784	446.0
Mississippi	252	1,678	419.5
Memphis State	262	1,967	393.4

TEAM DEFENSE	PLAYS	YDS.	GAME AVG.
Dartmouth	135	273	91.0
Alabama	192	478	119.5
LSU	232	583	145.8

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Syracuse over Penn State. The Nittany Lions will be hungry after the loss to Army. But Ernie Davis is running better than ever, and the Syracuse attack has better balance.

Alabama over Tennessee. Even as unbeaten 'Bama's tough defenders learn to control the Vols' single wing, Pat Trammell will be controlling the offense.

Georgia Tech over Auburn. It won't be easy, but Tech can make touchdowns—a sturdy Auburn line notwithstanding.

LSU over Kentucky. In games against equals, LSU doesn't score much, but neither do its opponents. For all its passing, Kentucky is no equal.

Duke over Clemson. The Atlantic Coast Conference, after a rough week, is yearning for a return to normalcy. Duke will provide it—at Clemson's expense.

Ohio State over Northwestern. Woody Hayes has his Buckeyes on the Big Ten title. The fumbling Wildcats won't impede his vision.

Michigan State over Notre Dame. Strictly a tossup between two fine teams. The Irish are on the way back, but a more solid defense should win for the Spartans.

Texas over Arkansas. The Porkers can match Texas in the backfield, but the Longhorns are razor sharp up front.

California over USC. Willie Brown is ailing, and so are the Trojans. Cal has shown steady improvement and may be ready to take a firm stand in the Big Five.

UCLA over Pitt. The slumping Panthers lack the attack to move the ball consistently against that big UCLA line.

Other games

COLORADO OVER KANSAS STATE
COLUMBIA OVER HARVARD
FLORIDA OVER VANDERBILT
KANSAS OVER OKLAHOMA
MICHIGAN OVER PURDUE
MISSOURI OVER IOWA STATE
N.C. STATE OVER WAKE FOREST
VILLANOVA OVER BOSTON COLLEGE
WASHINGTON OVER STANFORD
YALE OVER CORNELL

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:
11 RIGHT, 9 WRONG
SEASON'S RECORD: 48-26-5

NEW FACES: UCLA Tailback Mike Haffner *(left)* picked up 63 yards in one sweep, ran for 157 in all against Vandy; Iowa's Matt Szykowny passed superbly in win over Indiana, completing 13 of 22 for 128 yards and a touchdown.

New 1962 Rambler American Convertible. Automatic top standard. 155 HP Overhead valve Six with more economy tests than [illegible] other U.S. compacts combined

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The boys may never catch her

A young filly named Impish broke all the trotting records for 2-year-olds at Lexington

GRINNING DRIVER ERVIN PARADES IMPISH PAST FRACTIONAL TIMES OF RECORD MILE

One of the oldest and finest harness-race meetings has been held every fall since 1875 at Lexington, in the very heartland of the Thoroughbred running horse. Flat-racing people turn up their noses at these Lexington Trots, as they are called, but the trotting folk couldn't care less. They can elevate a well-bred nose or two themselves. Indeed, trotting's Walnut Hall at Lexington is the largest and perhaps loveliest Bluegrass horse-breeding farm.

The grand old farm where the superstar Volomite stood has always been deeply involved in the Trots. At the meeting just completed there were two momentous events, and in each case the winner was a horse bred by Walnut Hall and brought to yearlinghood on its lush pasture.

Actually, there are two Walnut Halls nowadays. Founder L. V. Harkness' legacy was split in the late 1940s between his granddaughter, Mrs. H. W. Nichols Jr., and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Sherman Jenney. Theirs is a rather frosty co-existence. Mrs. Nichols' Walnut Hall Farm has 1,900 acres and white fences. Mrs. Jenney's Walnut Hall Stud has 1,300 acres and black fences. Mrs. Nichols has her sires and broodmares. Mrs. Jenney has *hers*. The rivalry between them for trotting feats and prizes, though keen, is not cutthroat. Confronted by the common enemy—*i.e.*, Pennsylvania breeders—they root for Kentucky horses, period.

The first remarkable achievement at the Trots occurred when an aptly named filly, Impish (bred at Walnut Hall Farm), obliterated all 2-year-old trotting records with speeds bordering on the fabulous. Then the smallish 3-year-old colt trotter Duke Rodney (bred at Walnut Hall Stud) captured Lexington's most honored race, the 69th Kentucky Futurity.

Those who saw Impish perform expected big things; she had already floated to a 2:03 3/5 world half-mile track record for 2-year-old fillies. But they were not prepared for what actually took place. Competing against a vintage crop of fillies, including those swift Kentucky-bred charmers Spry Rodney and Sprite Rodney, she trotted two sub-two-minute racing miles on the same day, the first in 1:58 3/5 and the second in 1:59 3/5. Since she started two lengths behind the field in the second tier of horses as the first heat got away, she really trotted the first mile in just a shade over 1:58. Never before had a 2-year-old of either sex broken the two-minute barrier in a race.

Impish is by the 1956 Hambletonian winner, The Intruder, out of the well-bred Nibble Hanover mare Ho Hanover; there is speed popping in every bloodline. The Lexington dashes were only the ninth and 10th heats of her life, and so effortlessly did she move that Driver Frank Ervin never had to use his whip.

"If nothing happens to this mare," says Ervin, "I think she has a chance to trot as fast as any horse that ever lived, and that includes Greyhound."

When his turn came, Duke Rodney had to work a bit harder. He had won the Yonkers Futurity, the first leg of trotting's Triple Crown, but lost any chance in the second, the Hambletonian, by making breaks. At Lexington he faced all the year's top 3-year-olds except the Hambletonian winner himself, Harlan Dean, who was not eligible.

Another stout Pennsylvania bred was eligible, though, and the cause of no little alarm among Kentucky breeders. This was Caleb, a strapping black Hoot Mon colt owned by Mrs. Charlotte DeVan, who happens to be the daughter of the man Kentuckians love best to beat—H. B. Sheppard, master of Pennsylvania's great Hanover Shoe Farm. Driven by the veteran Johnny Simpson, Caleb had equaled the world 3-year-old mile record of 1:58 3/5 before Harlan Dean chipped a fifth of a second from it in the Hambletonian.

To the Kentuckians' dismay, Caleb not only beat Duke Rodney by a short head in the first Futurity heat but lowered the record still another notch, to 1:58 1/5.

Duke Rodney's revenge was soon forthcoming. He took a slow second heat in 2:02 as Caleb hung in the stretch and finished fifth. In the third and deciding heat Duke Rodney got to the wire a length and a half in front of the tiring Caleb, the time a perkier 1:59 3/5.

All Kentuckians present breathed a sigh of pleasure and relief. **END**

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HUNTING / *George Laycock*

Bums in the bulrushes

A spying biologist finds that duck hunters who claim to be good sports are often liars and cheats

On November 17 last year, in the gray light of morning, three fast-flying mallards cut across the mosaic of reeds and backwaters that make up the Magee Marsh of northern Ohio. While the mallards were still well out of range, two hunters in a blind that shall be called No. 8A opened fire, emptying their guns futilely, causing the mallards to flare up and away from the other blinds. For four hours the two hunters in Blind 8A fired wildly in every direction at every duck within 400 yards, filling the sky with shot, hitting nothing. By 11 o'clock this reckless sky-busting had become more than two hunters in a neighboring blind, No. 9A, could stand. "If you just want to do a lot of shooting," they shouted, "why the hell don't you go to Camp Perry?"

One of the sky-busters shouted back, "Blow it out your duck call." Whereupon both hunters in Blind 9A opened fire on Blind 8A. There was a salvo of answering fire, and in this short, hot war on the Magee Marsh, 11 rounds were fired. The distance between blinds being more than 100 yards, there were no casualties; and the whole angry exchange might have died there except for one abnormal fact. On this November morning the chief waterfowl biologist of the Magee Marsh, Karl Bednarik, was hiding in a stack of cattails 50 yards from Blind 9A for the explicit purpose of studying the behavior of duck hunters.

Over the years many of the world's deep thinkers—among them the naturalist Thoreau and the romanticist Rousseau—have claimed that the return to nature brings out the best in a man. But from the evidence that Biologist Bednarik gathered while observing gunners in the Magee Marsh, the gentlest statement anyone could make is that the average hunter, when he wades into the boggy world of waterfowl, becomes a liar and a bumbling cheat.

"These are men you normally could trust with your wallet," says Bednarik, "but get them into a waterfowl marsh and they seem to have a complete reversal of character." This reversal is not a new phenomenon. Back at the turn of the century, when waterfowling was largely an aristocratic sport, Teddy Roosevelt, a sportsman and aristocrat, was known to shoot sitting ducks and, still worse, to pot away at fledglings before they had wing feathers enough to fly. Sitting ducks are still a favorite target for some sportsmen; and in every flyway every year there are waterfowlers who shoot more than the legal limit and try to fake their way through the checking stations by hiding the surplus birds in their baggy pants. As for the sky-busters, they not only keep the ducks flying high and wide, out of range of good gunners, they also cripple ducks, and by wantonly sowing lead on the marsh bottom, contribute heavily to the incidence of lead poisoning among feeding birds that would otherwise survive. Thus, a sky-buster can, without violating any specific law, kill two or three times the legal limit.

Sky-busters unlimited

Bednarik remembers an incident in 1951, the first year he managed the Magee Marsh, in which two hunters used 175 shells to get one tough, tasteless American merganser. From a window of his headquarters Bednarik saw a hunter drop a Canada goose and make no effort to retrieve it (the hunter reported no cripples and no lost birds). Bednarik came upon another hunter who had stomped a blue-wing teal into the mud so he could fill his limit with bigger, fatter mallards and black ducks.

During the years that he has witnessed such instances of crass behavior, Bednarik heard a common complaint: Hunting just wasn't what it used to be on the Magee Marsh. The 2,600-acre Magee

tract is in several respects a model marsh. It is the largest waterfowl area in the U.S. with controlled water levels, serving the state of Ohio as a research center, as a way station for migrating birds and as a controlled public hunting area. There are only 28 blinds on the marsh. For most of the season, gunning is permitted only from these blinds, the hunters assigned to them are selected by lottery.

But even on such a managed marsh, hunter success depends to a large extent on uncontrollable factors, notably the fluctuating prosperity of the whole waterfowl population using that migration route. In the past 10 years the flyway populations have been up some years and down in others, but hunter success on the Magee Marsh has rather consistently declined. It was this fact, coupled with his spot observations of shoddy sportsmanship, that started Bednarik wondering how much of the decline in hunter success was caused simply by a decline in the quality of the hunter.

There have been studies of hunter behavior before Bednarik's — most of them counting heavily on interviews with hunters when they checked in at the end of the day. These studies were based on the shaky premise that the waterfowler who has hunted unwisely or unethically a l morning will be wise and honest in answering questions in the late afternoon.

Bednarik, himself a duck hunter, decided that the only way "to find out what in hell was going on out there" was to go and see for himself.

Bednarik's spy station was set up so that he — or an assistant stabbing for him — had the occupants of Blind No. 9A and their shooting area under direct observation. The watching post was manned for 24 days, and on each of these days a

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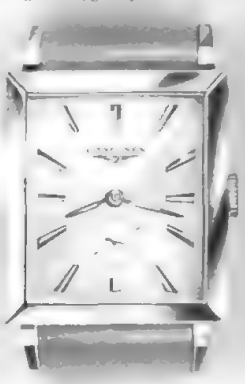

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different pair of duck hunters went into 9A. Each morning, before the hunters reached the blind, Bednarik would be seated behind the cattails, binoculars around his neck, mechanical counter in hand, a clipboard in his lap. At 2 o'clock, in accordance with the Magee's regulations, the hunters quit for the day. As soon as they left, Bednarik would climb stiffly out of his spy station and hurry back to headquarters, arriving before the hunters. When the occupants of the blind came through the checking station, Bednarik would ask them questions—whose answers he had already learned while hiding in the cattails.

The answers he got from the hunters were something else again. Three of the 24 teams shot ducks before the legal gunning hour; but all three denied doing so. By the rules of the marsh, each hunter is allowed only two boxes of shells, yet one pair of sky-busters shot 102 rounds and reported firing 40. The hunters at Magee are not allowed to leave their blinds except to retrieve, yet on nine of the 24 days, the hunters of Blind 9A wandered off, ostensibly to try a little jump shooting. One of the wanderers, on being caught a mile and a half off base by a county warden, claimed he was looking for a cripple. By Bednarik's count, in 24 days there was a total of 839 shots fired from 9A; but by the count of the hunters, only 449. In 24 days the occupants of Blind 9A bagged 53 birds. Thirty-one of these were shot on the water by 12 of the hunter teams, but back at the checking station only five teams would admit shooting any bird on the water. Fourteen of the teams reported crippling 27 ducks. From the spy blind, Bednarik and his assistants saw with certainty 67 cripples go into the water. One party crippled 11 and made no attempt to recover any of them. Half of the hunters did not even wear waders that would have enabled them to go for the birds that fell in the reeds beyond the open water in front of the blind.

An untidy total

Biologists customarily reckon the crippling loss under such conditions to be about 30% of the bag. By Bednarik's count—67 crippled and only 53 bagged—the crippling loss is 126%. If this distressing percentage is projected to cover all 28 blinds on the Magee Marsh last fall, it means that on these 2,600 acres alone an untidy total of 2,021 birds was killed for no good purpose.

The disturbing differences between what the hunters claim and what actually does go on out on a marsh were revealed by Bednarik before 65 members of the technical section of the Mississippi Flyway Council last February. In his report at the meeting Bednarik stated: "Wildlife managers have long felt that hunters are biased in reporting. The study revealed this to be so." Bednarik is a kind man, and this is his nice and biologically detached way of saying that 19 out of the 24 hunting teams he observed in Blind 9A were liars.

Why did they lie? Not always to escape jail, since as far as Bednarik can tell, close to half of the hunters from 9A did not break the letter of any law. The answer in some cases seems to be pride. Sky-busting and shooting sitting ducks are not acceptable sporting techniques. Hunters have pride about such things, and many of them would lie to all their loved ones if it would help to hide the fact that they are bum sports or bum shots.

Whatever their reasons, these hunters—and all like them—would be wise to enter a period of immediate and permanent reform. Art Hawkins, the federal Fish & Wildlife Service representative in the Mississippi Flyway, has already urged other states to follow Bednarik's lead. Duck hunters are hereby warned: Anywhere, in any marsh, in any tier of states, someone like big brother Bednarik may be watching. **END**

CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

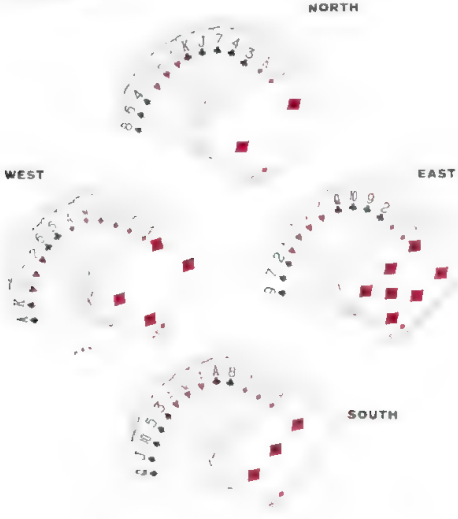
Winning with a loser

So great is the popularity of bridge tournaments in general and mixed pair events in particular, that the hotel lobby just before the opening is usually a scene of indescribable confusion. In the midst of one such crush in which players were finding it all but impossible to locate their partners, my good friend Margaret Wagar of Atlanta drolly remarked, "I wish I was playing with Bill Root."

Margaret was referring to the fact that the 6-foot 8-inch Root literally towers over the crowd; however, she might well have meant it in another way, for Root is also a tremendous player, as witnessed recently by his team's victory in the Masters Knockout Team event in Washington, D.C.

Here is a deal he played in a recent rubber game; the part-score situation made the bidding tactics much as they would have been in tournament competition.

Both sides vulnerable and 60 on score
South dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	2♦	2♠	PASS
PASS	3♦	PASS	PASS
3♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 6 of clubs

West could have made eight tricks at diamonds, so North-South were much better off bidding three spades—provided Root, playing the South hand, brought home that contract and the rubber.

Dummy's jack of clubs was played on the first trick and was covered by East's queen and taken by South's ace. Declarer led the queen of spades, and when West won the trick, he shifted to the ace and then led another diamond, which was won with dummy's king. Declarer took advantage of the opportunity to make a winning heart finesse with the queen before leading a second round of trumps.

East had played high-low on partner's diamond leads, announcing a doubleton. He had also echoed on the trump leads. But an echo in the trump suit conveys an entirely different message. It announces a holding of more than two (usually three) trumps and suggests ability to win a trick by ruffing. So, when West led the queen of diamonds, Root was warned that if he trumped with dummy's 8, East would win the trick by overruffing with his 9. Later on, the defenders would have to be allowed to win a heart trick as well, and the contract would be defeated.

Root saved the game by swapping one loser for another and coming up with a profit on the transaction. Instead of surrendering the trick to East's 9 of spades, declarer let West's diamond queen win, discarding a heart from dummy. East also discarded a heart, and West did his best to make things difficult by continuing with a fourth round of diamonds.

This threat was met by discarding still another heart from dummy and trumping in the South hand. It did not matter that East discarded a third heart. South led a low heart at once and trumped in dummy while East still had to follow suit. After cashing the king of clubs, South ruffed a third club lead, drew East's last trump and won the ninth trick with the ace of hearts, scoring the game and the rubber.

EXTRA TRICK

The coup employed to bring home this contract is called throwing a loser on a loser. It has many uses. Sometimes it saves a trick by enabling you to cut communications between the opponents, thus keeping the dangerous hand out of the lead. Sometimes, as in the foregoing, by not making a futile effort to save one trick you can successfully avoid losing another. **END**

MOTOR SPORTS / *Ken W. Purdy*

Gran turismo on Detroit wheels

The Sprint, by John Fitch out of Corvair's Monza, will rival Europe's zippy speedsters, says a noted expert. You can buy it, and what's more, the price is right

In the categories of automobile, from the racing kart buzzing around a one-eighth-mile course to the 170-mph Grand Prix machine, the *gran turismo* car is probably the most interesting to the most people. The phrase *gran turismo*, which is to say fast touring, is a link with the storied giants that roamed the world's roads in the first three decades of the century: the Phantom I Rolls-Royce, the SJ Duesenberg, the 8A Isotta-Fraschini, the 540K Mercedes-Benz and the rest. A *gran turismo* motor car is a special thing: not as fast as a race car, not as Spartan as a real sports car, but faster than the ordinary passenger car, nimbler and safer. A *gran turismo* car might be called a sophisticated sedan or a sophisticated hard top coupe. The American industry has not often produced one.

For example, the Chrysler 300H has been one of the few American *gran turismo* automobiles in current production, but at 219 inches over-all it is bigger than some modern enthusiasts like, and at $5,800 it is too expensive for many. A handier size is 170 to 180 inches; if a car is small and light it doesn't need the 405 maximum horsepower the Chrysler offers. The Chevrolet Corvair is a 188-inch car, and some months ago this and other interesting Corvair characteristics began to intrigue the inventive automotive mind of John Fitch. Fitch, one of the first of the postwar U.S. road-race drivers, and for years, as a member of the Cunningham and Mercedes-Benz teams, one of the best, had driven most high-performance automobiles on the world market and thought he knew what ought to go into a *gran turismo* car. The first result of his thinking in the matter is now on the road, having appeared without a trace of the usual preliminary rumor. As these pictures show, it is intriguing.

Chevrolet had made a start in the right direction by producing a hot version of the standard Corvair, the Monza, named after the Italian racing circuit. The Monza is a two-door coupe carrying a 102-horsepower engine instead of the standard 80 to 84 of the four-door sedan, and with various other optional extras available. Using as a base the factory Monza, a strikingly good-looking car, Fitch worked the engine up to 130 horsepower with a mild degree of tune, a Paxton supercharger, a dual-pipe exhaust system and so on. He has since replaced the supercharger with a four-carburetor manifold as less complicated but equally potent. The carburetors are stock Corvair. With 130 horsepower the Corvair

THE EXTERIOR SPRINT IS SET APART FROM STANDARD MONZA BY FABRIC-COVERED TOP, REDUCED REAR WINDOW, BODY STRIPES

DRIFTING THROUGH CORNER AT HIGH SPEED, SPRINT RESISTS NATURAL TENDENCY TO SKID AS IT HUGS RAIN-WET MACADAM

engine can take Fitch's car, which he calls the Monza "Sprint," from 0 to 60 miles an hour in 12 seconds, comparable to the 0-60 times of a good Porsche Super 90 GT and better than the Volvo P-1800. The Sprint's top speed rating of 115 miles an hour also betters the Volvo's 105 and equals that of the Porsche. Fitch intends to sell the car through dealers, at $2,995, and it is in the light of this price that the Sprint's performance figures are most impressive: the Porsche costs $5,500 and the Volvo $3,795.

To balance handling with performance, springs and shock absorbers heavier than standard are used, and 2° of negative camber are enforced at the rear wheels. The steering is modified to be faster, or quicker, and because of the light front-end loading of the Corvair chassis, no additional effort is noticeable. The car is not intended for racing, but its tractability and safety in high-speed road use have certainly been increased, and its appearance in *gran turismo* races or rallyes would be no surprise.

There are certain bits and accessories that traditionally belong on a *gran turismo* car, and the Monza Sprint has most of them: a four-speed, all-synchromesh manual transmission, an alloy-spoked steering wheel with a finger-grooved rim of exotic woods, bucket seats and safety belts; a tachometer; a grab rail to help passengers to cope with centrifugal force in corners; a spotlight that is mounted conveniently on the inside of the windshield. Not traditional but useful and present is a compass.

The Sprint is distinguished by uniform paintwork and upholstery: white body with a double metallic blue stripe of modest width, black vinyl upholstery. It mounts extra lights and a chromed steel mesh stone-guard to protect them. The metal hardtop is tautly covered with a shiny, nylonlike fabric to simulate a fold-down convertible roof, and the rear-window area has been reduced in the same way. Since the Monza, as delivered to Fitch, has the optional padded dash, backup lights, windshield washer and radio, the end product, the Sprint, may reasonably be said to be well equipped.

The car is rewarding to drive, and pleasant. Its rate of acceleration is in my view nearly right for this kind of automobile in everyday use: 14 seconds 0 to 60 is slow by today's standards, and a car that will do 10 seconds can be too quick for some drivers. Twelve is adequate, and will meet most needs. A top speed of 115 miles an hour means that 90 or 95, which is all that most people will ever find use for, can be brought up quickly and maintained for reasonable distances without harmfully stressing the machinery.

It is a comfortable automobile, too. The engine has not been so awesomely set up as to be hard to start on a cold morning or a hot afternoon; the exhaust noise is louder than standard but not irritating, and it does not, as with many cars of more pretension and less performance, produce the blatting on the overrun that so offends police officers. The firmness of the springing did not annoy me in the least; by European standards it is not really firm, and I hold with those theorists, among them the Rolls-Royce designers, who maintain that short rapid movements are less fatiguing to the body than long slow ones. The handling seemed happy at any speeds to which I cared to take the car; it was in neutral balance nearly all of the time, the wheels securely tied to wet roads or dry. It was fun to see the puzzlement of standard Corvair drivers as they were passed—the Sprint is so obviously a Corvair, and yet its appearance is so obviously a little different, its way of going a lot different. It is, in the timeworn but meaningful phrase, a desirable property, and I should think John Fitch would not be long in installing in further Monza Sprints the 250-odd four-carburetor manifolds he has ordered made up. **END**

CHROME STONE GUARD ACTS AS A GRILLE

THE MELODRAMA OF

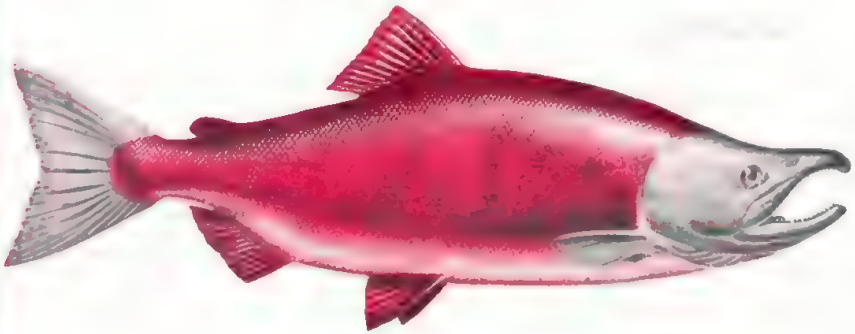
THE HORSEFLY RIVER

by ROBERT CANTWELL

Milling swarms of desperate fish, frantic scientists working in the heat and smoke of a forest fire, waters that would not run cold and waterfalls that could not be jumped—these things combined to produce the exciting climax to an eight-year experiment intended to restore an almost extinct race of salmon to this remote river that for untold centuries counted them in millions

As any alert detective-story reader will immediately recognize, the illustration on the opposite page looks like a thumbprint. It contains those whorls, ridges and irregular patterns that, we are told, are never the same for two human thumbs, and thus are the definitive means of identifying human beings. Actually, this seeming thumbprint can do a good deal more: it is one of the scales of an adult sockeye salmon (*below*), as seen under a microscope, and it not only can identify the fish but can tell where it was spawned and where it is going.

In a startling ichthyological melodrama rivaling any



paperback thriller, these scales have just helped establish a point that has kept biologists and fisheries experts on the edge of their laboratory chairs—a point that is momentous to sport and commercial fishing everywhere. On the Horsefly River of British Columbia, where scientists watched and worked and waited through tense days, the scales proved beyond question that salmon can be restored in immense numbers – by the millions, in fact—to barren but once-abundant streams. Identification by scale has made it possible to regulate salmon fishing in a systematic and selective way, and assure that the fish returning to a depleted stream to spawn will get there and rebuild their former populations. A quarter century ago the Horsefly, once one of the great salmon streams of the fabulously rich Fraser River system, numbered its returning salmon barely in the hundreds. But after what happened there last month, the culmination of an experiment hopefully begun eight years ago, fish biologists are prepared to say that runs of salmon and other migrating fish, given proper pollution control and a way of circumventing barriers such as dams, can be preserved and built up again on any river anywhere. As Clarence Pautzke, Commissioner of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, put it succinctly, "No stream can be written off." What it could mean, said one eminent authority, is the return of game fish to all the streams where they were once abundant.

The sockeye is not a game fish, but salmon are so closely related that what applies to one species is generally applicable to all in matters having to do with conservation and control. In the center of each sockeye-salmon scale the rings have grown close together; these are growth rings formed in a salmon's first year in a lake, and they differ for every lake. The Horsefly salmon, for example, after being hatched swim 30-odd miles down the river and into Quesnel Lake. They spend their first year there and acquire a scale pattern different from that of the salmon spawned in the Stuart River, the Chilko, the Raft, or any of the other streams that make British Columbia the greatest salmon-producing region of the continent, if not the globe.

These young salmon from the Horsefly are three-inch fingerlings after a year in Quesnel Lake. They swim the Fraser to its mouth and in the first week of May join millions of salmon from other rivers before heading out to sea. Fisheries scientists trap them there and take samples of their scales. Plastic replicas are made and filed in small looseleaf notebooks, about 4 inches by 7 inches, each page containing 115 replicas of scales. Thus, when the fish return three years later as adults, they can be identified as surely as though they were tagged by species and home addresses, and their return upstream can be regulated accordingly.

That circumstance and the history of the Horsefly made this fall one of the most dramatic ever known in northwestern fishing. The story began in a narrow valley deep in the heart of the Cariboo country of interior British Columbia during a few days of perfect Indian-summer weather last month. The Horse-

In a spectacular leap, salmon at right scrambles with others at spawning grounds in effort to clear falls of Horsefly and reach cold headwaters

fly River is a bright, short, shallow, crystal-clear little stream that springs from two branches on the slopes of Mount Perseus, an 8,361-foot cone that the natives call Haycock Mountain. In its extreme upper reaches, the Horsefly flows 30 miles or so through deep wilderness and into a rocky chasm, heavily wooded on steep slopes that rise 800-odd feet above the water. The Horsefly at this point is 30 feet to 50 feet wide, and at the end of a dry summer perhaps four feet deep; it is a noisy, wild, turbulent stream with beautiful coiling rapids that seem to wind and unwind as the river is thrown from one canyon wall to the other. As it emerges from its gorge it drops over a series of falls. Below the falls the river widens to 100 feet, slows down, warms up and flows with unhurried speed over miles of tranquil little rapids and riffles.

Centuries ago the sockeye or red salmon, *Oncorhynchus nerka*, bright-red fish weighing on the average six pounds and measuring 24 inches in length, selected this particular stretch of the river for its spawning beds. Every four years, 25 times each century, from time beyond reckoning, these salmon came from the North Pacific, forced their way up the Fraser River (swimming from 17 to 33 miles a day), passed hundreds of thousands of places that you or I might think would be fine for spawning, and unerringly reached this one little section of the Horsefly. If anything prevented their reaching it, they died without spawning.

Salmon live 12 days on their spawning grounds. Five days are spent preparing to spawn. The fish pair and select the right kind of riffle, with the precise kind of gravel and the right stream flow. Another five days are spent preparing the redd, the nest in the gravel. The female scoops this out, lying on her side and flapping her tail, the current of the river carrying the sand away. Two days are spent spawning. The female hovers, suspended over the sand of the excavation she has dug, the male pressing against her, and as she deposits some of the eggs she carries, the male at the same instant fertilizes them with his seminal fluid. The female now digs another nest upstream, the sand and gravel from this covering the eggs she has just laid, and so on with several hundred eggs in each nest until

(CONTINUED)

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3,000 to 5,000 have been laid. Both male and female die after spawning, reduced to only one-third what they weighed when they entered fresh water. The eggs develop under the gravel, where they are safe from predators, and the fry work to the surface of the gravel when the water warms in the spring. Then they are swept downstream by the current to quiet water, collect in schools, spend their first year in lake water and as three-inch fingerlings eventually disappear into the Pacific.

Other salmon runs, like the Adams River run, are larger than that of the Horsefly. But the Horsefly, or the Quesnel-Horsefly, to give it the name the scientists use, was once one of the major runs of the whole immense Fraser River system.

The first salmon run that brought the Horsefly to the attention of the outside world was that of 1857. So many salmon churned up so much gravel in their spawning operation that year that they uncovered gold. Five men exploring up the Horsefly found free gold in the gravel near the lower limits of the spawning grounds; they picked up 100 ounces of gold nuggets in a week and started the great gold rush into the interior. More gold was found in other rivers than on the Horsefly, however, and the river, already notorious for the large numbers of big, black horseflies that gave it its name, gained further ill repute for not containing more gold.

Salmon arrowed through Juan de Fuca Strait, swam unerringly to spawning grounds at phenomenal speed of 40 miles a day.

The Horsefly next came in for considerable public attention in 1888. It occurred to some forgotten promoter that mining, which was now widespread not only in the wilderness around the Horsefly but in the Quesnel River below Quesnel Lake, would be easier if the flow of the river could be entirely stopped and the gold picked up at the miner's convenience from the dry gravel that would thus be left. The Golden River Quesnel Company Limited accordingly began a dam, 763 feet long and 18 feet high, at the outlet of Quesnel Lake. Fortunately for the salmon—if not for investors—the work proceeded so slowly that the runs of 1889, 1893 and 1897 went on their way up the Quesnel, past the dam to the Horsefly without being impeded in the slightest by the structure. But in 1898 the dam was finished. The flow of the Quesnel was completely blocked. The next great salmon run was due in 1901 and in 1900 the mining operation was abandoned.

The dam was left standing, the gates still closed, in the hope that more investors would rush in and place their savings in the project. Meanwhile, the 1901 salmon run turned out to be the biggest in human memory. At least 11 million salmon on their way up the river were caught for the commercial canneries, and unknown millions more still swarmed below the dam, trying to get to the Horsefly. A small flume, no more than a foot wide according to some accounts, had been left for the run to go through; it was soon choked, and almost the entire run died below the dam without spawning. But a few fish did get through—even nature could respect odds of 1,000 to 1—and these kept the cycle alive.

Public sentiment meanwhile was changing from indifference to a concern for the survival of the salmon. In 1903 John Pease Babcock, an American who became British Columbia's first commissioner of fisheries, built a small fish ladder over the white elephant of the Golden River Quesnel Company. It cost $4,104. When the salmon arrived in 1905—the small run, offspring of the few survivors of the 1901 catastrophe—they easily got to the Horsefly. The natural reproductive capacity of even a few salmon is tremendous, and as there was no obstruction to the next run, some 4 million salmon came to the Horsefly in 1909. Eight years after the cycle was nearly destroyed, it was back to its prehistoric abundance.

The next run, that of 1913, was the largest ever recorded, with 35 million fish returning from the Pacific, 25 million caught by fishermen, and 10 million starting up the Fraser to spawn. But they encountered a new and ghastly hazard. One hundred and thirty miles from salt water the Fraser narrows to a defile called Hell's Gate, a gorge 110 feet across at the bottom of an 800-foot canyon, with the water 100 feet deep during dry seasons, as much as 200 feet deep during floods, and with a current of 25 feet per second. Salmon could get through by making short rushes from relatively

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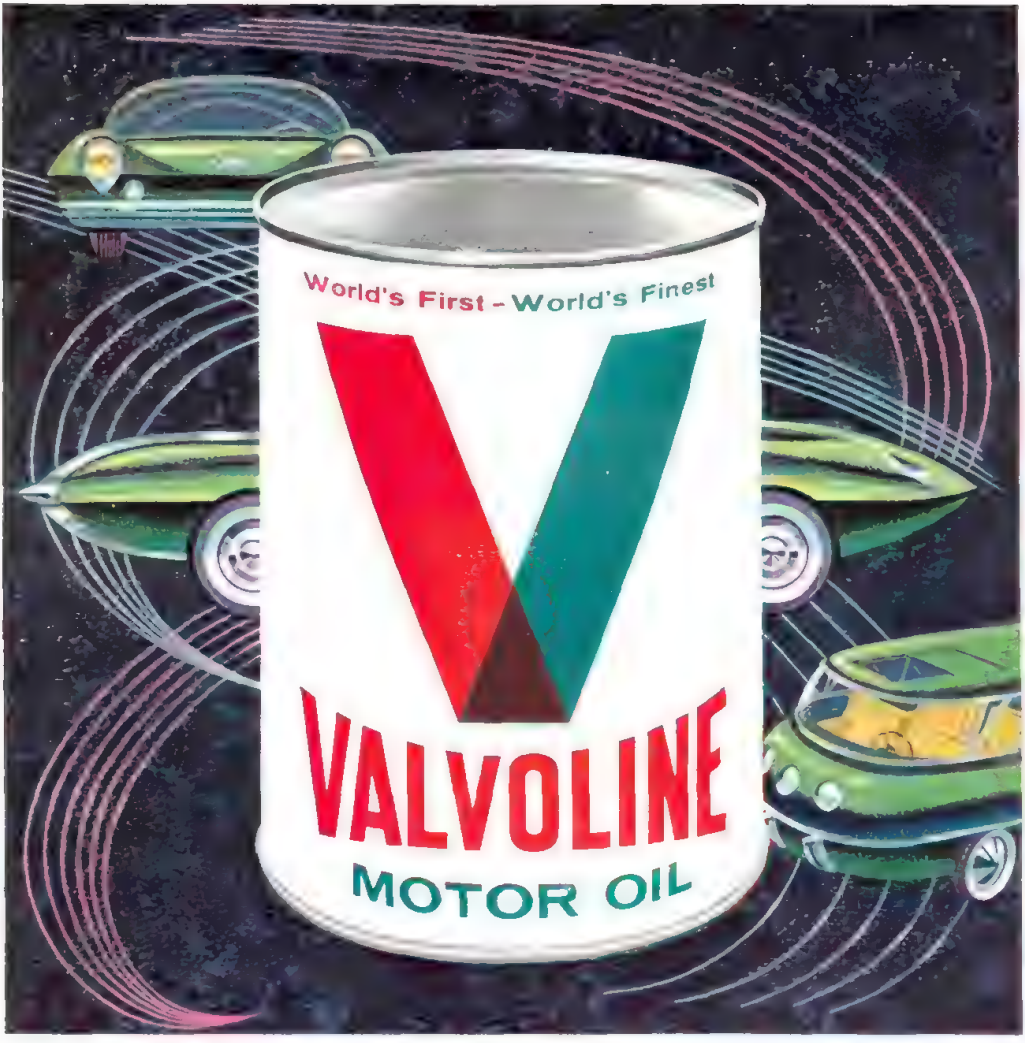

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quieter pools formed by rocks and crevices on both sides. But in 1913 the Canadian Northern Pacific Railway and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway were racing each other laying track on opposite sides of the Fraser. Their blasting started slides that smoothed the banks of the Fraser to a sort of trough, creating hydraulic conditions that the fish could not overcome: there were no longer crevices and obstructions in which they could lodge before dashing a few feet against the rushing stream.

All sorts of improvised measures were attempted to get the fish through—a legend of the fisheries is that Babcock personally hurried up and down the gorge with buckets, carrying a few fish above the slides—but they failed. For 100 miles below Hell's Gate the banks of the Fraser were lined with rotting salmon. Some races of salmon were virtually destroyed, and among them was the Horsefly. By 1941, after a quarter century, there were only about 1,000 on the Horsefly spawning grounds.

About the time the Horsefly run was believed to be destroyed, the method of identifying salmon by their scales (discovered by Dr. Charles Gilbert of Stanford University) gave rise to some hope for its restoration. The formation of the International Pacific Salmon Fisheries Commission in 1937 provided the machinery to regulate commercial catches so that depleted races like the Horsefly could be permitted to escape and spawn, thus opening the possibility that, little by little, the run might be built up again.

And to bring back this run, to build up runs of hundreds to the abundance of millions, was the stupendous task that scientists and fishing men set themselves in the years that followed. "Imagine a race of fish destroyed not once, but twice," said Clarence Pautzke recently, "and still making a comeback." This is the consideration that made the fate of the salmon on the Horsefly so consequential. If the Horsefly could be brought back to produce the millions it once produced, it could well become, in the words of Dr. William Royce of the University of Washington, a model "that may be followed with any species on any river." Hence the tension of fish biologists and fishermen on the Horsefly last month, when it came down to a matter of days to determine whether the salmon could spawn and whether they would ever return.

The opening scenes of this momentous conservation drama lived up to expectations. Early last summer the salmon collected off the coast and began their eerie progress down the west shore of Vancouver Island, swimming as if directed by compass. Commercial fishermen caught them in the ocean, and samples of the scales were hurried to the microscopes to determine which fish they were and where they were bound. During their ocean years, their scales had grown larger, growth rings like the rings of a tree being added at the rate of seven a year, but only the tightly woven rings in the center of a scale, comparable to the growth rings in the heart of a tree, were used to identify the salmon, for these were the rings formed in a lake, and the patterns differed for each lake. By means of that small fresh-water nucleus on the scales they were identified—these from the Stuart, from Bivouac Creek, Driftwood River, Forfar Creek, Felix Creek, these from the Nechako River, from the Endako or the Nadina, these from the Thompson, from Seymour River and Scotch Creek, from Big Silver Creek on the Harrison or Birkenhead River on the Lillooet, along with salmon from the Horsefly and Quesnel Lake.

The identification process was complex enough, but the mechanics of control that followed were excruciatingly complicated. The proportionate number of fish indicates their relative abundance, and the ideal arrangement would be to close the fishing grounds periodically so that the best and strongest fish at the peak of each run could escape to their home stream. The mouth of the Fraser is like a funnel toward which the fish move, one run after another at fairly well-defined intervals; the fishermen, with some 2,000 fishing boats, are ranged in the waters between the U.S. and Canada. To stop all fishing would be uneconomical, because some streams produce all the fish they have room for. If all their population returned, the fish would overcrowd the spawning ground and many would have to be destroyed to prevent them from destroying the beds already spawned. So the regulations specify such things as that the High Contracting Parties—meaning the U.S. and Canada—are agreed that taking sockeye salmon shall be prohibited, say from 5 o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday to 5 o'clock in the forenoon of Monday following, between Angeles Point in Washington and across Race Rocks to William Head in British Columbia; in other words, free passage is permitted there during these hours for some race of salmon to make it to the mouth of the Fraser and so get to its home stream.

The fish identified from their scales as coming from the Horsefly were in superb condition. Loyd Royal, director of the international commission, said he had never seen fish in better condition. "No parasites," he said admiringly, "and no sea lice." These sterling representatives of their species swam smoothly through the Strait of Juan de Fuca during the periods of no-fishing set by the commission, unmindful of the yearning glances that fishermen cast in their direction. They were practically taken by the arm and escorted to the Fraser. Outside the mouth of that great river they congregated, awaiting a flood tide before entering fresh water. Oddly enough, they would only enter the grayish-green water of the Fraser with the tide, though thereafter they would be swimming against the current throughout the few days left to them.

No part of the drama of the wilderness ever runs according to man's scenario; that is an essential part of its endless appeal. The salmon swam about 500 miles up the Fraser at the unprecedented speed of 40 miles a day, and came to the Horsefly a little early, into warm, dry weather, with the river lower than anyone could remember. Salmon spawn when the water is between 55° and 45° with most spawning at a water temperature of 50°. When they reached the Horsefly the water was 66°. Almost the entire early run, perhaps 130,000 salmon, died without spawning. When the main run arrived about the first of September dead fish were everywhere along the banks, in the bottoms of the deep pools or lodged in riffles or in the limbs of trees that had fallen in the river.

continued

Forest fire added final hot and tragic ordeal of salmon to ash-heated water. It reached 70° at start of run.

Usually fish at the spawning grounds are active, darting in great lines, a hundred fish across, in formations so orderly they seem to have been drilled. Or they may race with what appears to be exuberance through the shallows, hundreds of them in a pack, sending up spray five feet in the air, and pushing before them a wall of water so high that they may be washed several feet up the bank. But these fish were torpid, turning and moving ceaselessly but languidly. Occasionally a female would begin half-heartedly to prepare a redd, then give it up.

In desperation, the fish now began to try to reach cold water above the normal spawning grounds by leaping the falls. Above the 20-foot falls was a 50-foot falls, and above that the Horsefly careened through a rocky flume in turbulent and chaotic disorder. But the salmon did not know that; they moved onto the falls and threw themselves into the air.

The canyon walls are steep at this point, rising straight up for 50 feet. The fish could be seen 100 feet downstream, moving slowly into the pool, and then they could be seen again, emerging with terrific velocity to pose for a flash against the falls before they vanished. Biologists say that these fish can leap only $5\frac{1}{2}$ to six feet. But at the scene the strongest impression was of the differences in the height of their jumps. Every few minutes some particularly gifted specimen took off in a great soaring lunge into the atmosphere, his body flailing powerfully as he left the water and settling into an upward glide twice as high as the majority of his leaping companions, seeming to watchers at the base of the pool to reach at least eight feet.

By the end of their first day at the falls, they were leaping into its waters at the rate of 65 a minute. They fell back stunned, drifted downstream, and came back to leap again. Early in the morning of the next day—these salmon do not travel at night—they were jumping at the rate of 150 a minute. There was no visible pattern in their movements. For several seconds there would be no fish in sight, then a dozen at once, crisscrossing each other, or even colliding in the air. A big gray boulder the size of a freight car divides the falls, and one salmon in 10 struck the boulder. Its top half was dry and hot in the sunlight, and the bottom half drenched with spray from the falls and the water left by the fish striking sideways against it. They hit with a sound like the crack of a .22 rifle, clearly audible above the throb and roar of the falls. Occasionally a salmon missed the falls entirely, sailing at right angles with it, hit the rock and remained partially lodged on a tiny bench high above the water for several seconds—plainly outlined, big, misplaced, eerie. And underneath, the fish were leaping tirelessly, a dozen at a time, all day long and day after day.

They were still arriving; some 303,000 were at the spawning grounds. So many fish create a hypnotic condition; it becomes as difficult to see them as it is to watch a fluid. They moved slowly up the rapids to the pool at the base of the falls, in clusters close to the banks, with 10 to 30 in each shallow pool as they entered and left. Their bright vermilion bodies, rose-colored under the rushing water, seemed to have the texture of rich, wrinkled Chinese silk. They poised lightly in the current, only a few inches below the surface. It was possible to stand in the scoured gravel within a foot of them. From time to time one swung out into the current, braced against it for a few moments, and returned or dropped back to a lower pool, or swam to one higher. Or a pair of salmon burst from a pool lower down, sending up a fine sheen of spray as they rocketed against the rapids.

Except for the sound of the falls the wilderness was quiet. The occasional rifflelike sound of a salmon hitting the

rock was loud. There were no birds. Tracks of bear were everywhere, but the bears were gorged and had vanished, and there were no eagles, though these birds are said to be fond of the eyes of dead salmon. The hot, late-summer sun fell heavily on the motionless air, into a world that seemed drained and emptied of all life except that of the salmon moving steadily against the current to the highest point they could reach.

The temperature of the water was 59. There was still a margin of safety; if it continued to drop, enough time remained so that most of the run could spawn. But now another unexpected crisis was added to this wilderness melodrama: the immense forest at the headwaters of the Horsefly burst into flame. There had been fires burning elsewhere in British Columbia, supposedly started by lightning, but this one was the great showpiece of them all. Frank Jones, who was sitting on the porch of his farmhouse on the riverbank when it started, said he had seen nothing like it during his 48 years on the Horsefly. "At one o'clock I saw it start at the base of Haycock Mountain," Jones said, "and by 1:45 it was two-thirds of the way to the top." By 3 that afternoon the smoke was so thick that the trees across the river were barely visible in the dense brown haze.

The roads—or the road, for there was really only one—became a thick coil of standing dust from the trucks loaded with bulldozers headed toward the mountain. Soon 30,000 acres were burning. The flames enclosed the upper branches of the Horsefly, from which the colder water had been flowing. By the time the fire was a quarter of a mile from the falls, the salmon had reacted to the warming water: they stopped trying to jump. In the fisheries camp the atmosphere resembled that of an army that has suffered its final defeat. Because of smoke the planes could not come down on the nearby lakes. The distinguished visitors invited to watch this climactic phase of the experiment could not arrive. The bright-colored rubber boats drawn up on the banks looked grotesque. A reporter tactlessly asked about the outlook for the next run, four years in the future. Loyd Royal winced visibly and said he could make no predictions of any kind. After a silence he seemed to feel that this answer was inadequate, and added stoically, "The 1965 run is impaired. It may be so badly impaired that there will be no fishing. . . ." The elementary fact was that unless the temperature dropped in the next four days there would be no 1965 run and the salmon cycle on the river might be forever ended.

A story went around that the salmon were heading downstream. Fishermen and scientists walked down the river a mile or so where there was a deeper pool of quiet water in which the fish could be clearly seen. There was a grassy bank at a bend of the Horsefly, opposite a white-gravel stream bed where, in higher water, the river created another channel around a little island. A ribbon of dead fish, five feet to 10 feet across and 100 feet long, was piled up on the bar, and the men of the fisheries crew with long poles were still lifting the dead fish from the water and tossing them into piles, in a

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methodical and mechanical effort that seemed in the smoke and haze to have lost all purpose and meaning. There were about 110 salmon in the pool directly below the knoll, and most of these were headed downstream, a startling testimony of the increasing warmth of the water that was now coming through the burning woods, and startling too because they had been seen since they entered fresh water only swimming against the current. But they did not swim downstream far; they turned and swam back, ceaselessly, and headed downstream again in a dazed and confused manner.

Late that afternoon, as the watchers were driving back to camp, the first drops of rain fell. There was an odd, unfamiliar patter, and enough water to warrant starting up windshield wipers. The dust ceased to explode under the wheels. Then the rain stopped. But that night the watchers awoke with a reaction from a sensation so unexpected that for a time they did not know what it was: it was cold. Outside the sky was light with gray, luminous rain clouds. Touching the needles of a pine tree could send shivers up the spine: there were drops of water on them. The wind began to blow hard, driving the fire back over the land it had burned. Then the rains began in earnest. The salmon spawned in such numbers that the whole surface was riffled with them.

But the margin of time had come down to hours, and the narrow escape pointed up the old paradox that nature can always frustrate man's most careful calculation based upon his closest observation of her ways. In the deepest sense, of course, there would have been no real defeat even had the whole run been lost. The fact that it had been restored from almost nothing in 1941 to nearly half a million fish in 20 years was in itself an epic achievement. But now what did this triumphant conclusion really mean? Clarence Pautzke summed it up: "It has a terrific impact on today's thoughts with regard to bringing back runs of fish. . . . It points the way to the restoration of all species." END

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Fair Game for the Whole Family

A woodchuck shoot is an ideal way to introduce the wife and kids to the fun of shooting

by VIRGINIA KRAFT

A woodchuck is a stocky rodent with a flattened head and a grizzled tail. Its fur is of value only to woodchucks, and its flesh offers little to delight the gourmet. It spends almost three-quarters of its life sleeping, and its major activity is eating. Yet this gluttonous sluggard is the only animal in the nation with a day in its honor.

Each February 2, according to legend, the coming of spring depends on whether or not the ground hog, as it is called in the South, sees its shadow. Feeble of intellect, it is unlikely that a woodchuck can tell its shadow from third base or spring from the dugout. But in the whimsy of nature, the beast is important in agriculture and in sport.

It is important because it is a nuisance. It causes losses of thousands of dollars a year in crop and property damages. This makes it fair game for sportsmen, who can have the fun of shooting woodchucks, along with a sense of civic righteousness. From Nova Scotia to Georgia and westward to the Dakotas, the animals are so abundant that a hunter can reasonably expect at least a dozen shots, often more, in a single day. And because he seldom has to travel far from home to reach his sport, the chuck

continued

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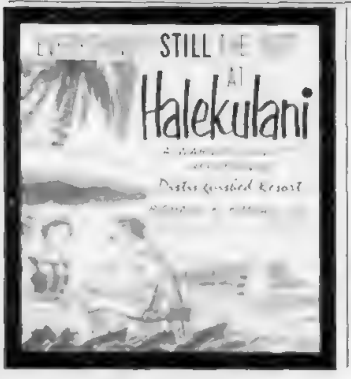

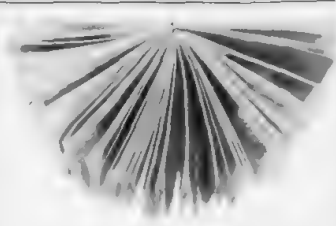

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shooter's expenditure of time and money is trifling.

For these reasons woodchucking appeals not only to experienced hunters but to a great many beginners, including women. They find that a chuck shoot not only provides an opportunity to go along with the men but is rarely more strenuous—or uncomfortable—than a family picnic in the country. Woodchucks, like wives, prefer to be out only when it is fair and sunny. Locating their haunts calls for little of the physical exertion demanded by bigger and wilder game; and the calibers popularly used on chucks—.22 Rimfire, .22 Hornet, .218 Bee, .219 Zipper, .220 Swift, .243 Winchester and .244 Remington—are light enough for a woman to handle without fear of recoil.

Beginner's best training

"Once a woman or a child has learned to handle a rifle on targets," says veteran chuck hunter Robert Russell of Wantagh, N.Y., "the next logical step is hunting, and the logical game is chucks. They are plentiful and accessible and can be hunted without limits in spring and summer when other game seasons are closed. Woodchucking is the best training a beginner can get in gun handling afield, in marksmanship, game anatomy and in stalking.

"No matter how much practice on targets a beginner has had," Russell adds, "he'll still find shooting at game a completely different experience. First, he'll be a lot more excited than he ever was with a paper target, and he may forget some of the rules he learned on the range. In chuck hunting there is enough game around to condition a beginner to behaving sensibly and safely when he sees it. This kind of training carries over to all other hunting he'll ever do, whether it's deer or elephant."

Gerald V. Cosby of Rockville Centre, N.Y. has this to say: "Woodchucking also offers the novice valuable training in marksmanship on game. This doesn't mean you should skip all target shooting and take the kids right into the field. There is no substitute for a sound shooting foundation based on targets, but after a certain point, game is essential.

"Many beginners, adults as well as children, start out hunting with the idea that if they hit the game they shoot at, they are successful. But it isn't success when animals suffer painful and waste-

ful deaths. Hits are only successful when they are placed in vital areas and drop the animal instantly."

Chuck hunting provides youngsters with an excellent opportunity to learn the basic principles of stalking game. Although ground hogs have been described as having only enough intelligence to keep themselves alive, this is enough to make them a fair match for some hunters. What they lack in brainpower they make up in extremely acute eyesight and good nose and ears. A woodchuck peering out of a burrow can spot the flick of a hand at 50 yards, and once alarmed, is usually content to remain in its burrow until it thinks the danger has passed. This may be anywhere from 20 minutes to an hour; but sooner or later, its insatiable appetite will lure it above ground. A seasoned chuck hunter can take advantage of the time to sneak into close-range shooting position.

"Many a beginner has learned that it is not quite as simple as just walking in and waiting though," says Russell. "Most of the time when a chuck slips back into its burrow, it goes only far enough to see without being seen. Then it takes careful stalking, with attention to wind and terrain, to sneak in close without driving the chuck all the way underground."

Skeptic about stalking

Critics of chuck hunting openly scoff at the idea that stalking of any kind is involved in the sport, and one skeptic suggests that shooting a chuck requires only "a rifle with two barrels—one to look through, the other to fire a charge that would kill an elephant—and care not to slam the car door getting out." For a number of varminters who have never taken a shot at chucks except with the aid of a 20X scope at 300 yards, this may not be far from truth, but many others (like Gerald Cosby) who make chuck hunting a family affair, insist close-range stalking and shooting is the only way to introduce wives and children to the sport.

"This does not mean," Cosby says, "that there isn't also a place for long-distance shooting with high-powered rifles and scopes. Chuck hunting is first and foremost a rifleman's sport.

"A serious woodchucker is never satisfied with his equipment, and he usually spends as many hours at the workbench as he does in the field. By the time he finishes taking apart and reloading his rifle, he's ready to start all over again

continued

Quaffmanship

CARLSBERG INTRODUCES THE SPORTSMAN QUAFFER

Wherever he faces the moment of truth"—in steaming jungle, sun-baked veldt, windswept tundra or the frozen steps of the Squaw Valley Stadium—the intrepid Sportsman Quaffer has discovered the unfailing answer.

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As man inexorably progresses to the reaches of outer space and the hi-foot pole vault—the Sportsman Quaffer will remain in the forefront of those who push ahead, jewel green Carlsberg bottle held on high in a toast to victor and vanquished alike.

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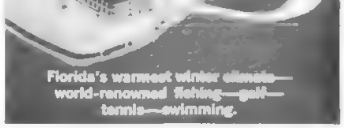

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on another one. He endlessly experiments in reloading ammunition. If he's not trying to achieve a more accurate load, he's striving for flatter trajectory. Chuck shooters have probably developed more wildcat cartridges than all other shooting enthusiasts put together, and even with hundreds on the market, they are always looking for something new.

CHUCK HUNTERS [illegible] walk through field after a successful shoot

ter. To this kind of hunter, a perfectly placed shot at 400 yards is as much a part of the sport as the woodchuck itself.

"But I strongly believe where beginners and especially youngsters are concerned," Cosby emphasizes, "they have to earn the right to shoot at long ranges only after they have proved they can hunt at close range without mechanical aids. My 11-year-old daughter hunts chucks with a single-shot .22-caliber field rifle—no scope, no rests, no heavy target barrel. Her single shot has got to count, and she knows the only way it will is if she gets in close and takes her time. By the time she is ready to make the transition to high velocity, long-range firearms and telescopic sights, she'll be an accomplished hunter." END

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—NATIONAL LEAGUE held a 3½-hour draftsession [illegible] Houston, Colt .45 and New York Mets at Cincinnati. The Colts [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] Mets [illegible] Hawaiian pitcher Bob Aspromonte, A Spaniard and Pete Rose added [illegible] Phillies San Francisco Bobby Shantz, First Baseman Norm Larker. The Mets [illegible] New Yorkers, paid $1,800,000 for 22 players, including [illegible] Clendon Thomas, Gil Hodges, Don Zimmer, and Roger Craig, but made a notable exception in selecting Cincinnati's homebound World Series hero, 24-year-old Elio Chacon

BOATING—MRS. JANE SMITH, 32-year-old housewife accelerated her Class A stock hydroplane to an average 70.1 mph [illegible] the New York-New Jersey competition and the national championship of the American Powerboat Association, at Madison, N.Y. The victory gave her 5,225 points, four more than Gordon McCready, who finished second in the race and was runner-up for the national title

BOXING—ALEJANDRO LAVORANTE, cutting a quick, wide swath through the heavyweight division this year, [illegible] 1,000 boxers and has knocked out Zora Folley and Willi Besmanoff earlier in the year) made short work of Gerry Gaines with a second-round TKO, at Los Angeles. Now fourth-ranked, he has been [illegible] Los Angeles TV fans each time. Hunter seen [illegible] hand was at least [illegible] stunned Gaines [illegible] and [illegible] second round

RALPH DI PAS, the second-ranked 147-pound welterweight who recently filed bankruptcy proceedings, gained a small purse and a modest victory [illegible] unanimous decision over Del Flanagan at New Orleans

JORGE FERNANDEZ, 26-year-old Argentine welterweight, traded punches with Cecil Shorts for six rounds, bled furiously from a cut over his right eye, lost his mouthpiece, but won on a sixth-round TKO, at Madison Square Garden, N.Y. Fernandez is now negotiating for a title match with Champion Benny Paret

SONNY LISTON, leading contender for the heavyweight [illegible] reinstatement [illegible] Pennsylvania Athletic Commission, Secretary Stella Agnello Commissioner A.K. Kingsley granted the request vote, by approval, enabling Liston, in all likelihood, to meet Gerhard Schwarz [illegible] Nov. 14, [illegible] to match scheduled for Philadelphia in December

GOLF—MICKEY WRIGHT scored a 287 for 72 holes, won the $5,000 LPGA [illegible] of the year, at Las Vegas.

PETER THOMSON, Australian professional, put together par-shattering rounds of 64-65-69-69 to win the New Zealand Open with the record [illegible] Another Australian, Kel Nagle, was second, 9 [illegible]

ERIC MONTI broke a three-way tie with an 8-foot birdie putt on the second extra hole of a sudden-death playoff to win the $20,000 Ontario, Calif. Open. Monti, George Bayer and Bobby Nichols completed the [illegible] tied [illegible] scores at 282

HARNESS RACING—[illegible] RODNEY [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

CONTINUING END

Sirs:

I am truly amazed at the distorted and slanted articles by Tex Maule (*The End of the AAU*, Sept. 25; *The Revolt Spreads*, Oct. 9).

Any responsible business organization would fire an employee who acts in such an irresponsible manner!

R. M. RITTER
Treasurer, U.S. Olympic Committee
Jenkintown, Pa.

Sirs:

In case your readers have become confused by recent newspaper articles denying my defection from the AAU, as you reported it, please let me set the record straight. Since I did not keep a carbon copy of my reply to the mimeographed questionnaire sent me by the AAU, I cannot quote exactly what I said. I think, however, that my answer to their questions made it quite obvious that I do *not* favor the AAU and was only trying to be polite to them. I was quite distressed that the AAU took a few words out of context and in doing so twisted and turned my statement to sound as if I was favoring the AAU when I am, in reality, backing the USTFF.

I want my fellow athletes to know that I am not a turncoat and am solidly with them in the support of the USTFF.

BOB WAYNE
Los Angeles

Sirs:

As one of the few "pay your own way" judges of Olympic swimming (Melbourne and Rome), I was bitterly disillusioned by the totem-pole tactics of on-the-cuffers and badge wearers who have been repeatedly reappointed to the "official party" of the U.S. Olympic team. Instead of finding the athletes of our country at the top of the Olympic totem pole, you'll see a whole carpet-bagging bunch of officials.

Patches and Olympic pins—choice and necessary items of friendship exchange—are always in short supply to the athletes. But ask one of the badge-wearers for a souvenir. They're loaded.

BRUCE S. HOPPING
Princeton, N.J.

Sirs:

The AAU, by sponsoring good-will trips abroad such as one I was fortunate to be a member of this past summer, is doing a service for world peace. We were picked for the swimming team according to our times and places made in the Nationals at Philadelphia and not in any other way. Also our transportation and lodging were first-rate.

LYN HOPKINS
Philadelphia

BULL'S-EYE

Sirs:

Congratulations for jumping so quickly and nimbly onto the 49ers' shotgun formation bandwagon (*Bang Goes the Shotgun*, Oct. 16). To a televiewer, at least, San Francisco and the shotgun could not possibly have looked better than they did against the Rams. I have never seen one team and one lineman render the opposition so completely helpless. Maybe Sid Luckman and the Bears made the Redskins look worse in that 73-0 game, but it hardly seems possible.

WILLIAM J. RODGERS
Los Angeles

SPEED-UP

Sirs:

Whitney Tower has let his enthusiasm for Kelso run away with him (*The Best Race Horse in the World*, Oct. 9). He says "In modern times only one other horse, Tom Fool, has covered a mile and a quarter at Belmont in less than 2:01." What about the 1955 and 1956 Suburbans won by Helioscope and Nashua in 2:00 3/5 and 2:00 4/5 respectively?

J. M. BERND
Arvada, Colo.

● Tower let his enthusiasm run at least 2/5 of a second too fast.—ED.

PINK SLIPS AND HUSBANDS

Sirs:

Ray Cave's article is the absolute most (*Every Man a Bridge Master*, Oct. 9). I am married to a "fanatic" and am trying hard to keep my equilibrium. Friends console me that it could be alcohol, other women or horses. I feel so much more resigned about the whole thing since your masterful article. Many thanks.

LOUISE M. BURKE
Framingham, Mass.

Sirs:

Long live LOLs, pink slips and husbands who can't fathom the Hazard Inverse Transfer and to whom "dump, sluff, ruff, hook, psyche and rattle" are just so many words in an Alfred Hitchcock thriller.

Gung ho for card *karate*!

MRS. RICHARD C. DIBBLER
Salt Lake City

Sirs:

Sure, we duplicate players like to win. But in our local club we are a friendly bunch whose first aim is to get a big bang out of life whether we are novice or Life Master. Long faces are rare, and we have more serious players than we have casual visitors.

STANLEY KATZ
Stillwater, Okla.

Sirs:

The list of duplicate player-athletes should include the greatest of them all: George Lott, five times a co-holder of the U.S. doubles title in tennis.

George has more than 450 master points and needs only about half a red point to become a Life Master. He is in Milwaukee this weekend trying to pick it up.

EDWARD L. GORDY
Evanston, Ill.

● New Life Master Lott and his partner picked up not ½ but four red points in Milwaukee.—ED.

NOTRE DUST

Sirs:

We here at Notre Dame resent your insult that our schedule is representative of the Chicago Bears (*Hup, Rivers on South Bend*, Oct. 9). The Bears would have a tough time beating any of the teams remaining on our schedule. You just watch our dust.

TERENCE MCMANUS
Notre Dame, Ind.

HIT AND TWO-RUN

Sirs:

Concerning Robert J. Philbin's plan to save minor league baseball (SCORECARD, Oct. 9) by letting batters run in both directions, I have a question: With two on second—one going clockwise, one going counterclockwise—and a long hit to center, do both runners score?

S. E. WEAVER
Los Angeles

● Unless they get put out.—ED.

Sirs:

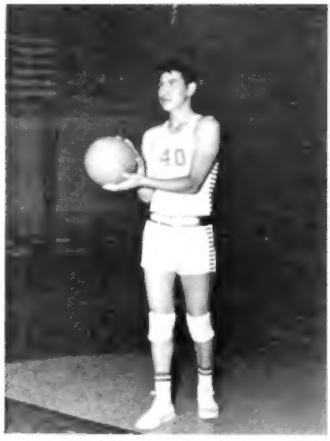
I would like to see a game played.

BEN H. THOMPSON
Pittsburgh

Sirs:

Is Mr. Philbin serious or just plain out of his mind?

STEVE BASSEWITZ
Fond du Lac, Wis.



SHANNON BROWN

HELLO TO SHANNON

Sirs:

Just thought you and your readers might like to know that there is a sequel to Barbara Heilman's story on our Indian mission's reluctant All-State basketball star (*Farewell to Shannon Brown*, April 3). The great Shannon has not only returned to school; he is in college. Here, incidentally, is his picture. You never printed one.

Shannon and Irene Friday are now married and have left the reservation for Northwest Wyoming Community College in Powell, Wyo., where Shannon is enrolled.

Coach Bill Strannigan tells me he has talked to them by phone and that Shannon is attending classes regularly and liking the "new life" very much.

As a direct result of your article several people have sent clothes and donations to the mission.

STEPHEN DILLON, S.J.
St. Stephen's, Wyo.

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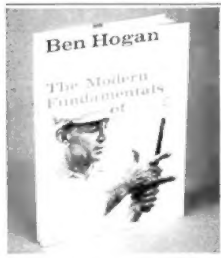

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PAT ON THE BACK

MRS. FRITZ COESTER

By the book

As a girl in Baltimore County, Md., Betsy Coester spent most of her time with horses, though she never really learned much about the science of training them. Then, as a woman married to a nuclear physicist at the University of Iowa, she found herself settled on a 100-acre farm in country where horses are thought of as useful only to pull the plow when the tractor breaks down.

Like a determined bride plucked from the security of a mother's kitchen, Mrs. Coester filled her bookshelves with the equestrian equivalent of Fanny Farmer and went to work learning to train Iowa horses from the printed page. She did so well at the job that today she has a stable of 42 trained show horses, at least two of which are good enough to compete nationally (SI, Sept. 11). But training horses, Mrs. Coester modestly insists, can't all be done from books. "You have to ride to be able to understand what it is you're reading," she warns.

Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

It's a mistake to challenge the Tahitians at their own game!

1. "It takes jungle skill to play a war game with Tahitian spearmen," writes Spencer Weaver, an American friend of Canadian Club. "Years ago the target may have been a captive from a hostile tribe. Today, it's a coconut . . . tree-top high and one hundred feet away. A boast about my "pitching arm" landed me in trouble—square in the middle of a tribal contest. The natives wondered why I was there . . . and before I was through, I wondered too. The chief handed me ten javelins to throw.

2. "Native spears soon pincushioned the target. But my throws were wild, falling far short of the target. Again I heaved my spear! A miss! The polite Polynesians tried not to smile. Desperate, I heaved my last spear with every ounce of strength!

3. "What a throw! At the right moment the wind caught my spear and it just tipped the target. But before I could crow, another spear sent mine tumbling. At the final tally, to the amusement of my fellow hurlers, I had pitched a no-hitter.

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